

## CHALLENGE OF THE SPANISH-SPEAKING

The article in this issue by Lino M. Lopez on "Spanish-Americans in Colorado" (see pp. 585-87) strikes us as being of unusual importance.

The problem with which it deals, that of integrating our Spanish-speaking people into American communities, is one of the top social and religious challenges we face. The number of the Spanish-speaking in the United States is estimated at 3 million, of whom 2 million are in the Southwest. As everyone knows, their number is rapidly increasing in all sections.

The reluctance of most Americans to associate on anything like equal terms with these "good neighbors" is an accepted fact. American Catholics, of course, have a primary responsibility for overcoming this contradiction of our religious and democratic ideals. For we profess to follow Christ's teachings. His injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself" is as clear as anything He taught. Our Lord told us very plainly what He meant by "neighbor." He meant anyone in need. We seem sometimes to forget that at the Last Judgment we are all going to be judged by the charity we showed "the least of these my brethren." So the way we treat such neighbors in need as our Spanish-speaking brethren is a test of our faith.

This problem also has world-wide implications. Democracy is today engaged in a desperate struggle with world communism for the loyalty of mankind. This struggle cannot be won by bigger and bigger bombs. It cannot be won by "clever" propaganda. It can be won only if, in conjunction with all other necessary means, democratic peoples show a more sincere concern for the real well-being of all of God's human creatures than does the enemy. We can do this only if we are motivated by love.

To the average American the global issues of peace versus war and democracy versus communism seem beyond his reach. What can he do to destroy the bitter residue of "colonialism" in Indo-China or North Africa? Very little—at least directly.

But in a larger sense he can do a lot. He can help to overcome "neighborhood colonialism" wherever he lives. He can destroy the damaging remnants of evidence supporting the Communist charge that Americans are "colonial-minded" right here at home. This is the very least he can do.

We cannot be two-faced in our appeal for the support of mankind. Asiatic peoples, for example, are at best, extremely suspicious of our intentions. They have reason to be. But what is of decisive importance is that they are suspicious and distrustful. Word of what is happening all over the United States finds its way into every corner of the globe. Our sincerity is judged by the way we live in our local communities, and rightly so. So whoever wants to be an asset instead of a liability in today's crisis will have to extend to such persons as our Spanish-speaking fellow-Americans the kind of Christian and democratic treatment we profess to believe is every man's right. Only then will we be doing all we can.

## CURRENT COMMENT

### Seato commitments

The eight-power Seato meetings in Manila ended on September 8, just two days after the initial conference, with far greater speed and less wrangling over the terms of the pact than was originally anticipated. With the signing of the Seato alliance the United States increased its commitments in Asia immeasurably. Our Pacific defense perimeter now stretches not only through Japan, South Korea, Okinawa, Formosa and the Anzus line but also westward to include the Indo-Chinese peninsula. We had already signed bilateral mutual security pacts with Japan and South Korea. Okinawa is a U. S. trust territory. While we have no formal alliance with the Chiang Kai-shek Government on Formosa, the U. S. Seventh Fleet is actually patrolling Formosan waters to protect the Chinese Nationalist stronghold. What the Seato alliance has done is to commit us, along with Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan and the Philippines, to the protection of South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia and Thailand as well. Thus, the southern end of our defense perimeter has been shifted some 1,200 miles westward from the Philippines to the Burma-Thailand border. In other words, Red China is now completely ringed to the south and southeast by a defensive alliance of free nations who have a right to expect U. S. military assistance in the event of an attack. The one exception is Burma, where an attack would undoubtedly meet with resistance and evoke a call for help. Negotiating this new pact has been a slow and torturous process. We have come a long way since Secretary of State Dulles first explored the possibility of a Pacific defense alliance in the January, 1951 issue of *World Affairs*.

### Mr. Attlee's impressions

Despite Clement Attlee's self-styled knack for discerning "eyewash," we cannot but believe that the leader of the British Labor party succumbed to a lot of it during his visit to Red China. For the record, it must be admitted that Mr. Attlee found much in Red China with which he had to disagree. He objected to the principles on which China was being governed. He found the trade-union movement "a Government instrument to insure production." He felt it was a "great mistake" for the regime to hold foreigners in China against their will. He countered

Mao Tse-tung's request for aid in getting the U. S. Seventh Fleet out of the Formosa Strait with a demand that Russia and Red China cut down their armaments. Having given this evidence of his resistance to Mao's blandishments, Mr. Attlee could now feel safe in recording Red China's accomplishments. The public-health work being done (here the successful anti-fly campaign came in for its meed of praise) "impressed us all." Though he "did not see very much," he found evidence that the Red Government had the good will of the peasants. Red China's antipathy toward religion, he thinks, springs more from nationalism than from communism . . . Well, we suppose it all depends on how one defines "eyewash." The testimony of the Catholic missionaries who have come out of China after being very close to the peasants flatly contradicts Mr. Attlee's impression that the Mao regime enjoys the good will of the peasants. The million and a half refugees from Red China who have chosen a primitive existence on Hong Kong's hillsides also contradict it. We can hardly base any hopes on the report of a man who admits he "did not see very much" and appears only mildly critical of what he did see.

#### Mr. Bowles' reminder to Asians

Chester Bowles, our former Ambassador to India, uses to good effect the old adage, "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," in a down-to-earth, cards-on-the-table discussion of the Asian state of mind in the Sept. 5 *New York Times Magazine*. While expressing deep admiration for the accomplishments of the newly independent Asian nations and sympathy for their outspoken criticism of Western manners and morals, he pleads that they also take an occasional glance inside their own "glass house." On the subject of colonialism, the *bête noire* of Asia in her relations with the West, India's Prime Minister Nehru himself has recognized—not without admiration, either—his country's historic enterprises. In his *Discovery of India* Mr. Nehru noted that Ceylon, Burma and parts of Indonesia were once conquered by the South India Chola Empire. In fact, as Mr. Nehru once "excitedly" discovered, India's role in Asia was as a protagonist in a contest with China, which also was desirous of spreading its influence over Southeast Asia.

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This story of Hindu colonists, as Mr. Bowles' children learned in New Delhi, is pridefully told in Indian school books. Of course India's motive was not "exploitation" or the search for "new markets for an expanding trade." The Hindu colonists carried the "light of civilization" and aimed at "the uplift of the people." The *Service de Presse et d'Information* of the French Embassy in New York could not have done a better job in describing the benefits of French colonialism in North Africa. Perhaps a careful reading of their own history will convince Asians that colonialism is not merely a Western disease. More aptly it should be called a stage through which all dynamic societies, for good or ill, pass in their expansionist phases.

#### Mr. Wiley's rebuke to France

When Secretary Dulles, after EDC's end, declared that West Germany should take its place as a free and equal member of the society of nations, he was on secure ground as far as Congress was concerned. Last July 30, without a dissenting vote, the Senate adopted a resolution pledging its backing to any appropriate steps the President might take to bring the West Germans into the defense of the West. The purpose of the resolution was to warn the French that rejection of EDC could make necessary the restoration of full German sovereignty and also the rearmament of that country as an equal partner with other partners in the Western alliance. The Senate action was timely and proper. We wonder if the same can be said of the statement issued by Sen. Alexander Wiley in Bonn on Sept. 2, after his three-hour conversation with Chancellor Adenauer. The senior Senator from Wisconsin, chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee, denounced the Government of M. Mendès-France and deplored the tragedy of the French decision, "whose onus," he said, "must be borne by the present Government of that nation." Our Senators seem not always to realize that while they can break foreign policy they cannot make it. Our Government is now faced with the necessity of long and delicate negotiations to regain the ground lost by the failure of the EDC policy. On this score we question the propriety of Senator Wiley's public criticism of France—on German soil at that. The Constitution confides the conduct of our foreign policy to the Chief Executive. It is hardly the role of a Senator to issue "shock treatment" statements in one foreign country against the Government of another.

#### Toward better Arab-Western relations

There is still no strong defense pact uniting the West and a weak Arab world. Yet there are signs that Arab-Western relations have improved in recent months. The Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Suez Canal Zone and the settling of the Anglo-Iranian oil problem have dissipated a good deal of anti-Western hostility in the Middle East. Up to now it has been impossible for the West even to discuss mutual problems with the Arab nations. But Egypt's Premier, Lt. Col. Gamal

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Nasser, has now made the first pro-Western statement to come out of his country since the military coup of 1951. Egypt, Colonel Nasser made clear, stands with the West. He was quick to qualify his statement, however. The Arab peoples are still suspicious enough of the erstwhile colonial powers to abhor alliances with the West. Hence Britain will renew the sale of arms to Egypt with no strings attached. We will contribute to Egypt's defense effort, as we agreed to do in Iraq last May, and demand in return no commitment except the promise that the arms will not be used for aggressive purposes. The theory is that in the event of an East-West showdown in which the Middle East would be involved, the ground will have been laid for a common defense effort . . . Arab-Israeli tensions, of course, still plague the Middle East. Israel fears that arms aid to her neighbors will provoke a renewal of the Palestine war. At the present moment, however, Israel is more than able to hold her own in the area. On Sept. 1, for example, the UN Armistice Commission again condemned Israel for an armed sortie over the Jordan frontier. Such actions are not only provocative, but indicative of the military weakness of the Arab nations.

#### **False reporting on Catholic teaching**

Conclusions of the World Population Conference, which wound up its meetings in Rome on Sept. 3, have not yet come to hand. About 500 experts from 66 countries discussed the problems of expanding population as related to available food resources. An interim report shows once again how badly the secular press often handles matters that touch on Catholic doctrine and discipline. The New York Times for Sept. 3 contains this paragraph, tucked away in a story reporting that despite the presence of a Vatican delegate "Planned Parenthood Is Upheld in Rome":

The traditional Vatican view has been that abstinence is the only legitimate method of avoiding conception. Only recently has the Pope conceded that a so-called safe period or rhythm system may be tolerated.

The "only recently" gives the impression that the present Pope has somehow modified Catholic doctrine on the use of "rhythm." Actually, as long ago as 1931, Pope Pius XI wrote in his encyclical on *Christian Marriage*:

Nor are those considered as acting against nature who in the married state use their right in the proper manner, although, on account of natural reasons either of time or of natural defects, new life cannot be brought forth (emphasis added).

As far back as 1880, Rome knew about, and under definite circumstances "tolerated," the rhythm system. So to say that in "the traditional Vatican view" abstinence is the "only legitimate method of avoiding conception" and the present Holy Father "only recently" conceded that "rhythm" might be tolerated is not only poor reporting but a rather serious distortion of Catholic moral theology.

#### **Family home best for children**

The crucial role of the family home in providing for the well-being of children was heavily underlined at the four-day world Child Welfare Congress that ended in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Sept. 4. Dr. Leonard Mayo, director of the U. S. Association for the Aid of Crippled Children, spoke of the remarkable unanimity and "almost religious fervor" with which the more than 400 delegates from 34 countries stressed the fact that the family home provided the natural environment for the child as a prime essential for normal development. Evidence presented by Dr. Juliette Fauvé-Boutonier, professor of psychology at Strasbourg University, France, showed how the development of children taken away from their families at an early age was retarded. She felt that it was often better for a child to be brought up by one parent or even in a "bad" family, rather than outside it altogether—even, it would seem, in a child-care institution. In its conclusions the Zagreb convention testified to a world-wide awakening to the need to protect family life. Although the Iron Curtain countries were represented only by Rumania, recent Soviet policy has shown the same deep concern for the integrity of the family. For example last July 1, Judith Listowel in an NC release quoted from a Moscow broadcast these words of Prof. Viktor Koblanovsky:

The Soviet family is the primary collective of Soviet society, its organic cell. . . The main function of the Soviet family is the bringing up of children. . . To a great extent the development of the physical and mental capacities of a child depend on the parents' training.

This is a far cry from the days of Lenin and the prophecy that the family, as a purely bourgeois institution, was doomed to fade away.

#### **Marquette League jubilee**

For fifty years the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions has been helping priests and sisters who are laboring for Christ among the American Indians of the United States and Canada. A letter from the league's director general, Rev. Bernard A. Cullen, reminding us that 1954 is its Golden Jubilee year, offers a welcome opportunity to congratulate the league on its fine work, and the intelligent, sympathetic way in which it has always struggled to enlist public support for a much-neglected cause. Fr. Cullen takes the occasion to call attention to the desperately inadequate care for the Indian's welfare our Government has shown over this half-century, and says bluntly:

This, the year of our Jubilee, I am sorry to say, finds the Indian as badly off as he was fifty years ago. Lack of schools and teachers has given him the highest illiteracy rating of any group of people in the United States; lack of hospitals, doctors, nurses and proper medical care has earned him the title of being the sickest person in the United States with the least amount of medical attention.

Shocking facts brought out at the recent hearings be-



fore the House subcommittee on 1955 appropriations for the Indian Bureau confirmed this strong language. They revealed, for instance, the deplorable lack of elementary educational and health facilities for the Navajos. The President's signing of S.2670, a bill terminating Government help to a small group of forlorn Indians in Utah, bodes ill for the future. Since the Government does so little, the task, as Father Cullen says, is clearly up to private, especially national charities.

### "Latin boot camp"

What 46 candidates for the seminary accomplished this summer at John Carroll University in Cleveland may point the way to further daring and fruitful experiments in language study. A course in "Fundamentals of Latin"—that "bottleneck of delayed vocations"—telescoped two long years of Latin into a concentrated six weeks of intensive study. Marine and paratrooper veterans among the students said that, in its way, this "Latin boot camp" was tougher than anything they had experienced in the service. With their lofty motivation, these future diocesan seminarians and candidates for religious congregations didn't mind the work. But it was no "Roman holiday"—with 24 class hours of instruction in Latin per week and plenty of private tutoring, all in an atmosphere of total immersion in Latinity. The prospective students for the priesthood, who range in age from 16 to 42, find that they are now ready for third year Latin. . . College and high-school language instructors might take a cue from John Carroll's highly successful experiment. Adaptation of these methods could revolutionize the currently slow-paced and frequently ineffectual teaching and learning of modern languages. Of course, one big factor making for the success of Latin-in-six-weeks was the zealous desire of the students to qualify for the seminary. Whether other motivations could be found among ordinary secondary and college students cannot be known for sure until the experiment is tried with them. It certainly seems worth trying.

### Governor Dewey on "the welfare state"

The Sept. 7 address of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey announcing his return to private life cited a number of accomplishments usually identified with "the welfare state." He stressed the fact that, during his incumbency, New York became the first State in the Union to guarantee that no one would be deprived of employment because of color, religion or national origin. Discrimination was banned in public housing, the State's armed services and its colleges and universities. Mr. Dewey also cited the great extension of public-health services, the adoption of sickness liability insurance and establishment of the first State school of industrial and labor relations. Such measures have now become part of modern American public administration at the State and local level. Public debate about them should hinge on their feasibility, not on ideological or partisan considerations.

### Psychologists meet at Fordham

The eighth annual meeting of the American Catholic Psychological Association, held at Fordham University on Sept. 7, brought together 115 professional psychologists from the United States and Canada. Perhaps the main feature of the meeting was the symposium on Psychotherapy and Religion, under the chairmanship of Rev. Charles A. Curran, St. Charles College, Columbus, Ohio, retiring president of the association.

Rev. Noel Mailloux, O.P., of the University of Montreal, dealt with the problem of determinism. He showed that psychotherapy, by removing blind compulsions, restored freedom and aided in the task of "submitting sensuality to reason and reason to God." Psychological disturbance and neurotic drives make it impossible, he stated, for the virtue of prudence, "which makes us experts in the use of freedom," to perform its normal function in moral and spiritual development. Psychologists cannot usurp the role of moral theologians. The theologian must take the lead and assume responsibility for clear decisions on what is objectively right or wrong. But psychology is necessary for the adequate interpretation of moral responsibility.

Rev. Joseph Keegan, S.J., head of Fordham's Psychology Department, explored the subtle relationships between psychotherapy and grace. Divine grace, though beyond the reach of empirical science, is none the less a potent reality in human behavior. While imparting grace is not the business of the therapist, he has the high function of preparing the ground for a more fruitful action of grace in his patient. Dr. Harry V. McNeill, of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, traced the hostility of Freudian psychoanalysis to religion, stemming from *The Future of an Illusion*, in which Freud equates religion with neurosis and explains God as a magnified father-image. Psychoanalysis is valuable, but the whole system "needs a good shave with Occam's razor. Where Freud sees sex and it isn't, is should be eliminated."

Discussing the moral issues in psychotherapy, Dr. Thomas Thale, of the Department of Neurology and Psychiatry of St. Louis University School of Medicine, reported a study he had just made of selected cases in two clinics in St. Louis, one Catholic, the other non-Catholic. Though the Catholic clinic had a very much higher percentage of Catholic patients, in the initial interviews the Catholic clinic records showed hardly a mention of religion, while in the non-Catholic records, questions and answers about religion were frequent. There was no noticeable difference in moral issues involved in either set of cases; in fact, serious moral issues were not common. Dr. Thale felt that some Catholic therapists may be over-anxious to avoid the topic of religion with their patients, lest they be accused of proselytizing. Lively and pointed questioning of the speakers by the 115 professionals and same 100 guests showed that the eight-year-old ACPA has definitely come of age.

G. G.



## WASHINGTON FRONT

Retirement of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey from active public life is a national and not merely a State event; it is marked here by concern among top Republican officials and a certain satisfaction, not to say pleasure, among Democrats.

Republicans are concerned because they had hoped that Mr. Dewey, running again for the governorship, would win by a great enough margin to help them pull over to their side two or three New York congressional seats they need, almost desperately, to hold their own or widen their thin margin in the House. Holding control of the nation's first State is tremendously important to the party. It may be possible to do it with Senator Ives, but leaders here would have felt safer with Mr. Dewey making the run again.

But there is a longer-range concern among GOP leaders, too. Mr. Dewey always has been on the progressive side of the Republican party; stout and firm in his opposition to those eager to go back to McKinley and Mark Hanna in domestic affairs and the pre-World War II go-it-aloners who never have relinquished the dream of isolationism. In national conventions, in his campaigns, in his policy-setting in State government, Mr. Dewey was a Republican who did not see evil in every social and economic reform that came into being, almost inevitably, in the nineteen-thirties.

As for Democratic leaders here, they have often tried to mock and ridicule Tom Dewey. They beat him twice for the highest office in the land. But most of them have privately acknowledged admiration for the always challenging alertness and hard brilliance of his political opposition.

Few of the Men Who Also Ran, save maybe Samuel Tilden or Charles Evans Hughes, were so sure of going to the White House and yet failed to make it. What with war in 1944, Mr. Dewey had no real chance to defeat Franklin Roosevelt. It had been about the same in 1940 with Wendell Willkie, a friendlier and warmer but perhaps less able man than Mr. Dewey. But in 1948 everyone in the Dewey camp was positive Washington was just ahead.

There always will be some dispute as to the element of defeat induced by the pallid Dewey campaign, the drag he experienced because of the record of the Republican 80th Congress, and the astonishingly effective Democratic campaign by Harry Truman. Mr. Dewey may still see Washington. The betting is that the man who found it a "challenge and a high privilege to work with the surge and sweep of great events" is not through with those events. Something like Secretary of State would be a natural in the political winter book.

CHARLES LUCEY

## UNDERSCORINGS

A National Eucharistic Marian Congress of the Oriental Rites will be held in Philadelphia Oct. 22-24. Hosts for the occasion will be Most Rev. Constantine Bohachevsky, Apostolic Exarch for Ukrainian Catholics in the United States, and Most. Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., Archbishop of Philadelphia. Taking part in the ceremonies will be their Eminences Gregory Peter XV, Cardinal Agagianian, Armenian Patriarch, Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, and Thomas Cardinal Tien, Archbishop of Peking. A feature of the occasion will be simultaneous celebration of Mass on Oct. 23 in the Byzantine, Chaldean, Latin, Maronite and Armenian rites. Those who wish to attend should write to the National Eucharistic Marian Congress Committee, 815 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia 23, Pa.

► Most Rev. Vincent S. Waters, Bishop of Raleigh, N. C., who in June, 1953 ordered that racial segregation be abolished in the churches of the diocese (AM. 7/4/53), has directed the Catholic high schools of the diocese to admit qualified Catholic students without discrimination as to race or color. According to the NC report of Sept. 6, the order does not apply to elementary schools and colleges, but these may arrange to follow it if they so desire. At the same time Bishop Waters asked the Catholic hospitals of the Raleigh Diocese, as a special Marian Year gesture in honor of our Blessed Mother, to open their doors to Negro patients and their colored physicians.

► Rev. Lars Rooth, S. J., ordained at the beginning of this month by Most. Rev. Johannes Müller, Bishop of Stockholm, is said to be the first Jesuit ordained in Sweden since the 16th century, according to an NC report of Sept. 2. Swedish Jesuits have previously been ordained abroad to avoid conflict with Swedish church laws. Fr. Rooth, the son of Ivar Rooth, chairman of the executive board of the International Monetary Fund, made his theological studies in Heythrop College, near Oxford, England.

► The Marian Year Pageant to be staged in Toronto in October will be produced by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., internationally known for his work as National Director of Sodalties of our Lady and his many books and pamphlets. The pageant, with a cast of 1,000 acting on five stages, will be in the style set by Fr. Lord in his *Salute to Canada* (Midland, Ont., 1949) and *City of Freedom* (Detroit, 1951; AM. 7/28/51).

► Rev. Albert O'Hara, S.J., of the California Province, known to AMERICA readers for his articles on Red China, has been appointed to teach sociology at Taiwan National University, Taipei, Formosa. A missionary in China before World War II, Fr. O'Hara has since 1951 been on the staff of the *China Missionary Bulletin*, Hong Kong.

C. K.

## New tensions in Asia

The bombardment of Nationalist-held Quemoy and Little Quemoy by Red Chinese artillery which began on September 3 was not the first time Communist China has turned her attention to these islands. It was on them that the forces of Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek met in their first full-scale battle after the Nationalist evacuation of the China mainland in 1949. The attempted capture of the islands by Mao resulted in a smashing victory for Chiang's troops as they decimated a Communist landing force of 30,000 men. The remembrance of that Red defeat accounts for the air of calm assurance which pervaded Formosa as the word of the artillery attack reached the Chinese Nationalist stronghold.

Whether or not the Chinese Reds intended to use the Quemoy Islands as the stepping stone to an invasion of Formosa, sooner or later the Reds could have been expected to renew their attempts to take them. Actually they are pockets of Nationalist resistance within Red China. Quemoy and Little Quemoy are not "off the China coast" but in the center of a bay, surrounded on the north, west and south by no more than five miles of water, with only the eastern tip of Quemoy facing the open sea. Their possession by the Nationalist forces gives the lie to the boasted prowess of Red China's new "People's Army."

As long as the Communists are unable to dislodge the forces of Chiang Kai-shek, the Red threats to "liberate" Formosa must be counted empty boasts. Yet it would be foolish to discount the possibility that the Chinese Communists, in showing a renewed interest in the Quemoy Islands, have other motives than that of merely regaining lost prestige.

The timing suggests a connection between the bombardment of the islands and the eight-power conference on the defense of Southeast Asia which opened in Manila on September 6. The presence of the Chinese Nationalist target within such easy reach of Communist coastal guns afforded an excellent occasion for Red China to create another area of tension in Asia.

Time and again the Communists have made use of the same technique. With one hand they promise something, as they now promise a substantial reduction of their armed forces in Korea. With the other they threaten, as they may be doing on Quemoy and have done off the coast of Siberia, where Russian MIG's shot down a United States Navy patrol plane on September 5. The net calculated effect is to keep the free world off balance, to split Allied unity on a defense policy for Asia and perhaps even to distract attention from the pressing problem of European rearmament.

Neither should we discount the possibility that the attack on the Quemoy Islands was really the prelude to the planned invasion of Formosa. If a statement made in a Presidential press conference is to receive the force of policy commitment, an attack on Formosa

## EDITORIALS

means war. President Eisenhower stated on August 17 that an invasion of Formosa would have to pass over the Seventh Fleet. A week later Secretary of State Dulles broadened the commitment to include protection of unnamed islands in the Formosa Strait still in Nationalist hands. He was certainly referring to the Pescadores, about 25 miles off Formosa, and probably to the Tachen Islands, which protect Formosa's northern flank.

Clearly the more Red China and Soviet Russia flex their military muscles, the closer they come to provoking the United States to war. The American people do not want war. We feel confident that they will exercise enough patience not to be stampeded into it. But a nation can be challenged only so far. The President's statement in regard to Formosa means that things have changed since 1952, when we judged it the part of prudence to keep the Korean war limited in the hope of finding a *modus vivendi* while we prepared for the worst. If Red China misinterprets our desire for peace as willingness to be pushed around, it may be toying with its own destruction.

## Christian conscience of South Africa

South Africa, says Sarah Gertrude Millin, in *The People of South Africa* (Knopf. \$4.50), faces a perpetual dilemma: "If the black man is repressed . . . it is not humane, it is not well for the land, it may be dangerous. If he is not repressed, South Africa faces what England has come to face" in parting with her colonies. Some few enlightened souls, she says, "rise above the dilemma." They hold that they must be guided only by their conscience. Only, she asks, "does good indeed prevail?"

Yet it is never too late to hope that good will prevail in South Africa. Some evidence thereof seemed to be the interest, even though an angry one, by that largely Protestant country over the behavior in the United States of the representatives which the South Africa Protestant churches sent to the recent Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Evanston, Ill. An editorial in the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* sharply reproved Right Rev. Richard A. Reeves, Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, speaking in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, for denouncing as "blatant" the racial policies of his own Government and lamenting the "uncertainty and frustration it was producing."

A valiant though mildly worded attempt to defend his country's segregationist policies was made at Evanston by Dr. Ben Marais of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Transvaal in South Africa. He held that the church in his country should accept the present fact of racial segregation while working toward the ideal of a church "in which all men who believe in Christ shall be at home." (He did not explain who would decide when this "ideal" was to come into effect.) Nevertheless, Dr. Marais did not refuse to vote for the Assembly's final statement, which called upon the church to "set aside," causing "deep injuries to the human spirit," all excuses for segregation.

His associate and chief delegate, Dr. D. S. Brink, declared that his delegation "dare not" vote against the declaration, a statement which in South Africa was regarded as of profound significance. Significant, too, was the attitude taken at home by another Dutch Reformed clergyman, Dr. Pieter Marais, who on August 29 flatly denounced racist theories from the pulpit of Pretoria's "Great Church" and warned his congregation against "the hate which is being sown in the natives' hearts."

While it would be foolish to foresee any immediate change of heart on the part of South Africa's strongly entrenched and dogmatically racist-minded Nationalists and their theological inspirers, the Calvinistic Dutch Reformed clergy, the Evanston experience did show them that an attempt to defend their Government's racial policies would involve them in contradiction with their co-religionists abroad. They also were learning that they could not control appeals to world opinion by such a person as Bishop Reeves or his fellow Anglican layman, Alan Paton, the famous novelist and vice chairman of South Africa's Liberal Party, who insisted that the church must exemplify visibly within itself "the unity of all members before Christ."

Such experiences seem to show that no country, however fixed may be its prejudices, can screen itself indefinitely from the impact of world opinion. In the recent words of the Most Rev. Owen McCann, Catholic Archbishop of Cape Town, both Europeans and non-Europeans in South Africa must pattern their attitude toward each other on "the attitude that our Lord Jesus Christ would take" toward racism. When this attitude is universally and sufficiently explained, no Christian people can long tolerate racial segregation.

### ***Tercentenary of St. Peter Claver***

The 300th anniversary of the death on September 8, 1654, of Saint Peter Claver, S.J., apostle of the Negroes, was splendidly celebrated on September 9 of this year in Cartagena, Colombia, and it was remembered, of course, in the many churches and parishes dedicated to his name in the United States. Speakers and ceremonies recalled the solemn moment when on July 7, 1896 Pope Leo XIII, who had canonized Peter Claver

on January 15, 1888, proclaimed him universal patron of the Church's apostolate for the Negroes.

Encouraged by this high patronage, the Negro apostolate has made steady progress in the United States. Following the broad frontal attack on the home-mission front of the Fathers of the Society of St. Joseph (Josephite Fathers), who are dedicated to the Negro apostolate, and of other mission organizations, the Church's work for the Negroes has enlisted the special efforts of practically every major religious community and many of the dioceses of this country. Today some 664 priests and 1,894 sisters are engaged exclusively in this work, in addition to very many more devoting part-time effort to the Negroes' spiritual, cultural and social welfare.

To the mighty intercession of St. Peter Claver, one reasonably feels, much of this growth may be attributed. Yet impressive as it is, not all the hopes that were entertained in 1896 have been fulfilled. The Negro people in the United States have generously responded to every effort made on their behalf, particularly since the heretofore almost inaccessible rural Negroes began to migrate to the cities of the South and of the North. Yet the fondly hoped-for mass conversion has not taken place. We have as yet achieved nothing comparable to the 300,000 souls baptized and instructed by Peter Claver during the forty-four years that he met each of the fetid African slave-ships in the port of Cartagena, organizing for them his little band of devoted interpreters and catechists.

For such a disappointment, if it may be so called, no elaborate explanation is necessary. It was enough for the wretched victims of the inhuman slave-trade that they were treated not as cattle but as human beings: treated with that exquisite tact and sense of basic human dignity that marked the Spanish and Portuguese mission enterprise at its best, plus the unfathomable graces of a saint. In his heart of hearts, the Colombian Negro knew that, once freed of his chains, he would be the equal of any white Catholic, in Church or in civil life. As Frank Tannenbaum says in his *Slave and Citizen* (Knopf, 1947): "The slave had a body of law, protective of him as a human being, which was already there when the Negro arrived."

The North American convert had no such assurance. Protestantism in this country had established a rigid pattern of status and "place" for every Negro which, transferred to our Catholic life, has long been a block to the hoped-for goal of the large-scale conversion of U. S. Negroes to Catholicism. In recent years, however, this barrier, in many parts of the country, has happily been wholly removed. In other parts it has been substantially lowered. Everywhere it is understood to be something that sooner or later will have to go.

Meanwhile, we all need the magnificent example of Peter Claver. We also need his intercession with Our Saviour and with Our Lady, whom he so passionately honored, that he may help us accomplish for this country a spiritual victory similar to what he effected in Cartagena.



## Retarded children

Many a family in this country has a child that is mentally retarded. No one knows the exact figure, but informed estimates put the number of retarded children already in school at 700,000. That figure stands for a lot of frustration for hundreds of thousands of confused and embarrassed American families, grappling with a problem they hardly know how to handle. Many parents feel a sense of almost personal guilt as though they were deliberately responsible for their child's condition. Others see themselves as the focus of unspoken pity or even scorn from their neighbors.

Harmful parental attitudes, of course, can be the cause of mental retardation in a child. The specialists, however, say that our knowledge of the causes of retardation is fragmentary. We do know for certain that large numbers of (to all appearances, at least) perfectly normal parents have a retarded child in their family.

Facing up to the challenge of the retarded child demands a bright, new attitude on the part of many parents. They must learn to see in their child, not a punishment, but a precious keepsake confided to their care by God. They should read the inspiring account by Letha L. Patterson in the September issue of *Adult Leadership* revealing how she snapped out of a condition she describes as "haplessly, hopelessly, helplessly trying to escape our problem" and took a hand in the formation of the now thriving National Association for Retarded Children. They might read Pearl Buck's story of her own retarded child in *The Child who Never Grew* (John Day, 1950).

Mental retardation is a relative term. Some cases, perhaps 3 per cent, need full-time care for a lifetime. Others will be semi-dependent. But the great majority, about 83 per cent, of the retarded, those who will never reach a mental age of over 12, can be trained to get along independently, though with limited judgment and ability. It may even happen in more than a few cases that social and psychological factors produce the symptoms of mental retardation in children who have potentially normal intelligence.

The first move in handling retardation is adequate diagnosis to develop plans that will best help the child and his family. This may require the skills of the family physician, the psychologist and the social worker. But diagnosis is not enough. Expert training must follow. This involves teamwork on the part of educational authorities, social agencies and medical services in the community.

Opportunity for organization in this field is wide open. Parents themselves have shown tremendous initiative in the past few years. There are now about 200 private home-schools (we are aware of eight such Catholic schools) and some 90 State institutions for retarded children.

Catholic authorities are very much alive to the problem. But with the huge responsibilities they already

shoulder and the still unmet needs of normal children they can do comparatively little for the retarded. In some diocesan school systems, such as St. Louis and Rochester, programs on a daytime basis are under way. Philadelphia has recently announced plans for a new program.

Some Catholic educators feel that in spite of its present load, Catholic education is now so big that it can no longer afford to neglect the special needs of exceptional children. We can all help by adopting truly Christian attitudes of acceptance of a burden that all should be willing to share.

## The Catholic intellectual

What do Americans mean when they speak of an *intellectual*? The word seems to have no well-defined meaning in our culture. It should, of course, mean a person who, either professionally or on his own time, reads serious books, tries to keep abreast of what is going on in the world of literature and science and, in general, is given to a somewhat philosophical analysis of "things as they pass before us."

Such critical minds are now having a rather hard time of it in this country, at least in the opinion of persons who would generally be termed intellectuals themselves. Scholars addressing meetings of their kind discern signs of "creeping thought-control." The very term intellectual, they complain, has become a kind of "dirty name."

If real distrust of intellectual preoccupations is threatening us—and we share the belief that it is—one must concede that professed intellectuals, by their failure to diagnose the true evil of communism, for example, are themselves partly to blame. But there is an old maxim of Catholic wisdom that "an abuse does not take away the right use." Certainly those who follow in the deeply intellectual tradition of St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas and the literally thousands of lesser Christian intellectuals cannot scorn intellectual preoccupations without being untrue to their Christian heritage.

In the opinion of Bishop John J. Wright of Worcester, Mass., this is actually happening. He recently warned the 11th annual meeting of the National Federation of Catholic College Students in Chicago that "these are difficult, even dangerous, days in which to be an intellectual. They are particularly difficult and dangerous days in which to be a Catholic intellectual." Not only those outside the faith, but "on occasion, his own brethren" take a hostile attitude towards "the witness he strives to bear."

His Excellency's warning calls for honest self-analysis on the part of all Catholics, especially those who seem never to use the term intellectual except in quotation marks. American Catholicism badly needs true Christian intellectuals to interpret Christian truth in terms of today's problems in order to win the struggle for men's minds. Anti-intellectualism, in the form of "patriotic voluntarism," is really not much of a help.

# Spanish-Americans in Colorado

**Lino M. Lopez**

THE RECENT MEETING of the Colorado Latin-American Conference held at Walsenburg, Colorado, re-emphasized the tremendous problem and great opportunity the Americans of Spanish descent present for the Church in the Southwest.

This traditionally Catholic people, with a very high birth rate, could, like so many older groups, be a source of strength for the Church in the United States. It could, on the other hand, be a drain on ecclesiastical manpower and resources, without contributing much itself. Worse still, it could slowly drift away from its traditional faith by becoming completely absorbed into the predominantly Anglo-Protestant environment into which it has moved. The 150,000 Americans of Spanish descent do not constitute as large a community in Colorado as in several neighbor States. Nevertheless, the Colorado group has the same background and meets most of the same problems. A study of it, therefore, has significance beyond the confines of Colorado.

The term "Spanish-American" embraces a wide horizon, as Dr. Julian Samora of Adams State College, president of the Colorado Latin-American Conference, has repeatedly pointed out. Two cultures are included in that embrace: the Spanish-European culture, with its Catholic religion, romance language and special traditions stemming from the days of Cortez and the Conquistadores; and the Aztec Indian culture, with a pagan religion and a highly developed material civilization of its own. Though his religion came from his European ancestors, the Mexican-American is not often exclusively European in racial background or outlook. Nor is he wholly Indian. He is usually a blend of the two.

## OLD AND NEW GROUPS

In regard to their attitude toward the United States, Mexican-Americans are divided into two distinct groups. The more recent immigrants have freely chosen to live under the American flag. This is not true of the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of the Territory of New Mexico, who were brought into the United States against their will when we annexed the territory in 1850.

Except for the American Indian, the New Mexican of 1850 was the only resident of the United States who did not necessarily wish to be one. Other peoples came to this country joyfully, seeking the land of opportunity and freedom. The New Mexican had settled in the hills around Santa Fe before the Pilgrims' progress ended in New England. He had not

*Mr. Lopez writes of the group of Spanish-Americans he knows best, those of his own State of Colorado. But what he says has general application to Spanish-Americans throughout the Southwest. He is founder of the Colorado Latin-American Conference, did field work for the Bishops' Committee on the Spanish Speaking and at present is on the staff of the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations in Denver.*

asked to be an American. He was not allowed a plebiscite. He simply saw the Stars and Stripes raised over Santa Fe and said his accustomed "Sea por Dios," "Leave it to God" or "God will take care." He was told of a treaty which gave all of the Southwest to the United States (a fact the history books never forget) and which assured him the continued use of his own native Spanish as an official language, together with English (a fact the history books never remember). Despite the difference in language, traditions and religion, the New Mexican slowly began to fit himself into American society, both in his native State and in such neighboring States as Colorado into which he moved.

Successive waves of new immigrants from Old Mexico, especially following the revolutions after 1910, continually caused regress in his status. These newcomers were usually in distressed economic circumstances when they crossed the border. They found only low-paying jobs and substandard housing. Since they possessed the same cultural and religious values as the Americans of Spanish descent already there, the English-speaking community tended to lower all Spanish-Americans to the plane of those most recently arrived and most disadvantaged economically.

A few individual Spanish-Americans, however, upon gaining an established economic position, have married into the majority group and drifted away from their Spanish fellows. Among these an even smaller group so wishes to identify itself with the English-speaking majority that it will change its name and religion and refuse even to recall any connection with its ancestors. Members of this group will not sing their traditional songs on national holidays, as the Irish will do on St. Patrick's Day, or the Finns and Danes will do on holidays of their own. Many a potential leader of the Spanish-American community is thus lost to his group. Either the struggle for position in a seemingly hostile society is too great or the material advantages too enjoyable for him to excel in the one community and still lend a hand to help the other.

Thus Colorado's Spanish today are found at all economic and social levels. There are migrant farm laborers, small farmers, shopkeepers, workers, labor-union leaders, teachers, businessmen, college professors, dentists and doctors. They are in the Denver City Council, the State Legislature and, until recently, the U. S. District Attorney's office. Mike Shannon, Tom Ewing and Josephine Aerts are examples of members of the group who have become prominent.

The first problem Americans of Spanish descent and

those who work with them must face springs from their inherent social dilemma. They need the encouragement of a sense of status, a feeling of importance. That can be achieved by building up in them an appreciation of the ancient customs, language and traditions of their ancestors. In that process, however, they would not become a part of the English-speaking community. They would not learn the language of the country in which they live. They would—and do—associate themselves with a culture and with traditions which are venerable in themselves and quite interesting to the American when he visits Coahuila or Monterrey, but which are foreign to the atmosphere of most of Colorado.

This, then, is the dilemma: if, on the one hand, the Spanish people associate themselves with their ancient background and traditions to gain the assurance they need, they are divorcing themselves from the American community in which they must live. If, on the other hand, they mingle freely in the American community, they meet an unsympathetic environment which too often destroys their morale.

#### TRANSITION PERIOD

When any cultural group moves into another predominating group, it tends to lose its own customs before it absorbs those of the host-culture. The Spanish custom of the chaperon, for instance, is dying out. Yet what few social safeguards American society has developed, such as a sense of American social propriety, are not yet familiar to the Spanish-American people. Or, to take another example, a migrant farm laborer might move from the service of a Mexican or an American patron for whom he worked and who in turn owed him care and protection on a year-around basis, to a beet farm in Northern Colorado where he can work for a few months and then be "on his own." Since he has done his work, he readily concludes that "relief" during the winter is merely his due. He has lost his old-fashioned *patron* but has not as yet acquired an American sense of self-reliance.

The period of assimilation is always difficult. Certain factors make it more than ordinarily difficult for the Americans of Spanish descent. His temperament, for instance, leads to misunderstanding. Americans tend to lump all *Mejicanos* into one classification: indolent people. Yet individual Spanish-Americans, like any other people, can get ulcers from worrying because others do not keep appointments. They aren't all easygoing by any means.

The prevailing attitude of the Spanish which has brought about the charge of "indolence" is, in reality, a combination of three factors: the "don't hurry" spirit common to all tropical lands, which he has brought with him to the United States; a habitual trust in God, which he expresses in the traditional "*Sea por Dios*," (Americans might translate it: "don't worry, things will all work out") and, lastly, a natural repugnance to the iron discipline of work in the machine age.

Herein the two cultures conflict; irritation and frustration widen the gap.

The religious habits of *Mejicanos* are also explicable. Except for two minorities, the well-educated Catholics and the few Protestants, the vast majority of the Spanish-American people, while traditionally loyal to the Catholic Church, know far too little about their religion. Unlike the Puerto Ricans, for instance, who have migrated to a section of the country in which the Church is an honored and established institution, the Spanish-American in the Southwest may well live in a generally Protestant environment where the Catholic Church has as yet little status. He tends to associate "being an American" with "being a Protestant."

Lastly, it has been only in recent years that the Spanish-American has begun to take advantage of the educational opportunities open to him. Here the fault lies mainly with the parents. Those who do go on to college, for example, are usually the sons of the old-time New Mexicans. The more recent arrivals have generally not even thought of higher education as possible for their children. This failure deprives the group of well-educated leaders.

Though more young Americans of Spanish descent can be found in American colleges since the end of World War II, the following statistics give a picture of the situation as it still exists. Colorado has only one State-born Spanish-American doctor, only one dentist, one college professor and about a dozen lawyers. Since World War II, however, the changes evident in all areas of American life have swept the Spanish-Americans along. Americans of Spanish descent in Colorado are actively promoting such Southwestern organizations as the League of United Latin-American Citizens (popularly referred to as LULAC), and the American GI Forum, a veterans' organization, besides their own Colorado Latin-American Conference.

#### SELF-HELP

These grass-roots organizations with indigenous leadership attempt to improve the position of the Spanish-background people and answer the frequent charge that Latin-Americans do nothing for themselves. The above organizations, for instance, played a part in carrying the Hernandez case to the Supreme Court. This decision (May 3, 1954), overshadowed by the historic anti-segregation ruling, handed down two weeks later, assured citizens of Spanish background a fair trial in Southwestern courts.

Through the Colorado Latin-American Educational Foundation, \$10,000 has been raised for scholarships to advance the higher education of young people of Spanish background. Spanish-Americans are showing a new spirit. They have recently decided, for example, to help young people of other national backgrounds, too. Their horizons are broadening.

The Spanish-background American recognizes that the Church has done much for his people—education—



ally, religiously, and in its abundant charities. Given these good works, it would be most unfortunate if the Church should fail to forward the programs of the new organizations. Yet that is possible, as an editorial in the *Southern Colorado Register* recently pointed out. Non-Spanish lay members of the Church could well follow the excellent proposals of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Denver. The officers have urged all their members to work personally toward the integration of Americans of Spanish background into the life of any parish where they live.

It must be remembered that the postwar generation of young Spanish-Americans, while recognizing good things in their Spanish heritage, want to be treated as Americans. They need help, encouragement, understanding. They ask only a fair chance and that weaknesses and failures common to all new arrivals and to all economically disadvantaged groups be not considered racial weaknesses. In short, they ask to be treated as fellow Christians.

Besides bringing to American life a large family, the Spanish-American brings a trust in God, loyalty, patience, docility, kindness and an ease of living. Above all, he brings a traditional faith, which other Catholics must help him to preserve and nurture.

## Japanese girls strike for religious freedom

*Richard L.G. Deverall*

Tokyo—Zenro, the new dynamic labor federation formed in Japan this year to promote the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU) and prevent the communization of Japanese labor, has for over two months been leading a historic strike. It is a strike involving a direct attack on the paternalistic feudalism which has been so characteristic of much of small and medium enterprise in Japan. It is a strike without precedent in that one of the major demands of the workers is freedom to worship God as their consciences dictate and not as the company orders.

### PATERNALISM

In 1917 the Omi Silk Company was founded by Kumajiro Natsukawa. Under the driving force of his son, who claims he works 24 hours every day, Omi has become one of the larger of the small companies and has branches in many parts of Japan. The major portion of the work force is made up of young Japanese girls who, under the old feudal system, are what the employers call "very docile and proper."

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Mr. Natsukawa, who thinks of everything, formulated an 11-point declaration which the workers until recently recited daily. Some of the points are:

All this day I shall have no excessive desires.

All this day I shall not be angry.

All this day I shall not grumble, complain or be dissatisfied.

All this day I shall put all myself into my work and shall be happy to pour all my body and soul into an all-out effort.

In many of the larger spinning mills of Japan, this sort of paternalism ended after the American armed forces in 1945 liberated Japan from the shackles of the militarists. But at Omi Silk, Mr. Natsukawa struggled on.

Said the doughty employer about his business: "Money-making is not my purpose. I need no money. All I want is to leave good work behind, I'm not an ordinary capitalist. I have got my ideals."

### MR. NATSUKAWA'S IDEALS

What this Japanese employer calls his "ideals" are an enchanting picture of 16th-century labor relations.

1. He set up a company union when unions became legal after the war, and through the company union laid down rules binding the workers to his will. Among other things, the rules require that married men employed by the company sleep in the company dormitory and not with their families.

2. As the code of Natsukawa calls for the giving of "body and soul" to work for Omi Silk, workers charge that they work far beyond the eight-hour day and often receive no overtime. Declares the employer: "The earth rotates and time moves on moment by moment; and therefore one can't afford to waste a single second. To work only eight hours a day . . . is a luxury that cannot be permitted."

3. The workers object to compulsory Buddhist services. Mr. Natsukawa, a devout Buddhist who neither smokes nor drinks (money-making is another matter), is convinced that Buddha takes a personal interest in his company. Therefore the employees must worship Buddha, though many of them are Roman Catholics. At night, all employees, before being locked in their dormitories by the ever watchful management, must recite the teachings of Buddha.

The employer explains that he held an "election" in the plant and, since the majority voted for Buddha, his enforced religious program is "thoroughly democratic."

4. The workers demand freedom of education. Mr. Natsukawa runs his own school inside the factory compounds. Workers who do not attend the company school are discharged or transferred.

5. The workers demand "freedom of marriage," referring to Mr. Natsukawa's cherished belief that people who marry—men as well as women—can't work as hard as single folk.

Workers who have violated the rule by marrying have been quickly transferred. As soon as children

were born, the workers were transferred again. This is repugnant to the Catholic workers, who do not like the boss imposing his form of birth control.

6. The workers demand an end of the factory competition contests which sweat the staff and working force and result only in higher profits for the Buddhist boss. A bowl of noodles has often been the reward for young girls who worked at a breakneck pace in Russian-style speed-up competitions.

7. The workers demand "freedom of cultural activities." Mr. Natsukawa wants "his" workers to enjoy only "proper" cultural activities. During June, 1951 a large number of girls were forced to attend an employer-approved movie showing. Fire broke out. Twenty-three girls were burned or trampled to death. No officials have yet been convicted of what was allegedly a clear-cut case of criminal negligence.

8. The workers demand an end to all censorship of their written or printed correspondence. Factory officials anxious for the "morality" of the young workers open all incoming and outgoing mail. So, too, all newspapers and magazines coming into the dormitory are first scanned by the company. Any material which is "immoral" or offensive to the boss is carefully clipped out.

9. The workers demand an end to espionage by the boss.

10. The workers demand an end to inhuman treatment. The Japanese press relates how, when production tapered off, the boss called in the directors of his company: "What's the matter with you fellows?" he asked sternly. "You should divorce your wives, all of you, and keep your minds on your work!"

These are only some of the workers' demands. To them all Mr. Natsukawa replied summarily: "Absurd—that's all I have to say about the demands . . ."

#### REVOLT

In June of this year, when the silk tycoon was vacationing in Paris, his workers decided that the time had come for a showdown. The All Japan Textile Workers Union, under the leadership of President Takita, who negotiated with some of the girls, helped them form a free trade union to oppose the phony "company union" set up by the boss. When Natsukawa got word of this in Paris he was outraged and at once flew back to Japan to discipline his wayward girl workers.

Meanwhile the ICFTU union declared a strike. The girls poured out of the plant in the first drive to establish human rights in this feudal paradise. The company at once declared a lockout. The plants were surrounded by barbed-wire fences. The Japanese police declared that it was impossible to solve the problem, as the company officials refused even to discuss it.

Within a few days, the arrogant behavior of com-

pany officials led to a first-class riot at their Gifu plant. Thirteen union members were injured. Meanwhile the strikers swelled their ranks to 13,000—all under the banner of ICFTU's Zenro.

By this time Mr. Natsukawa had arrived back from Paris. He called a press conference. In order to impress the reporters, he met them with pants rolled up to his knees, thus exhibiting a "fighting pose." Said the feudal boss: "This is a conspiracy, a revolt!"

He refused to bargain with the ICFTU union and declared all the original strikers fired on the spot. The company blockaded all plants, thus effectively barring the girls from their dormitory homes.

#### BREAKING-POINT

Resentment of anti-human treatment, suppressed for years, suddenly burst forth. Otherwise peaceful and dignified little girls began hurling rocks and hitting plant guards in the jaw. At Hikone, when the company tried to march 500 strike-breakers through the heroic picket line of the ICFTU affiliate, the girls fought them. Seven persons were injured in the mêlée, which went on and off for several hours. In the Tsu plant of the Omi outfit, another riot developed on the same day, with ten persons injured.

Again at Hikone violence flared. The girls tried to cut through the barbed-wire fences. One vehicle was turned over.

The next day the company sent 240 rock-tossing goons to charge the girls' picket line—shortly before midnight. The fight moved into the plant's dining room. A dozen people were seriously injured, and others less seriously. By 1:20 A.M. the police had the situation well in hand.

The repeated violence launched by the company was unprecedented in the history of labor in modern Japan. And all because the girls demanded "freedom of religion" and other basic human rights.

Meanwhile busy Mr. Natsukawa had inspired the organization of a third union. At the Fujimiya plant of the company in Shizuoka, the members of the third union clashed with the followers of the ICFTU union. Some sticks of dynamite were detonated—and 70 more workers were injured. The climax came, however, when Mr. Natsukawa tried to drive through a picket line. The young girls tossed rocks through the windows of his car, dented the hood of the car with their fists. Then the boss ordered his driver to smash through. Five of his employees were knocked down.

Perhaps the weirdest event of the Omi strike developed at Fujimiya. The company union mounted a loudspeaker at the plant gate and broadcast loudly that all members of the ICFTU-affiliated union were Communists. Residents of the peaceful little city stood the blasting as long as they could. Finally 500 men and women residents of the city charged the plant gate, tore down the fences, hurled rocks through win-



dows and otherwise demonstrated that they did not believe the strikers were Communists but just irate Japanese citizens. The management later issued a written apology to the irate democratic citizens of Fujimiya.

In the early days of the postwar occupation, the Communist party of Japan organized industrial unions in the Government and in strategic industries (see "Labor's politics in Japan," AM. 6/5). The unions were organized from the top down. Many still have no rank-and-file membership meetings. Since the orders all come from Tokyo, there is need only to pass them on to the rank and file. These are boss-type unions.

The newly organized Zenro, loyal to, but yet unaffiliated with, the ICFTU, and the ICFTU-affiliated Textile Workers Union (which is one of the major members of Zenro) have pledged to fight for free and democratic, non-boss-dominated unions.

Zenro's Omi Silk strike of 1954 is indeed an historic strike.

The Japanese Ministry of Labor and other official organs have moved into the picture. Though Natsukawa has begun mass discharges of young girls in order to break the strike, the victory of the Zenro-backed union is assured. The International Transport

Workers Federation has declared a global boycott of the products of Omi. Funds are reaching the strikers from many parts of the world. The inspired little girls of Omi Silk who fight for the right to worship God as they think best have written a new and glorious chapter in Japanese labor history.

Zenro is pledged to organize the unorganized. It is pledged to end feudalism in Japanese small and medium enterprise. Unions all over the world give the fullest support to Zenro in the fight to bring human decency and dignity to workers neglected by the ideological unions which have hitherto dominated Japan.

One regrets the blood spilt during this notorious Omi strike. Yet if it buys freedom and a better day for the victims of industrial feudalism, it is blood well-spent. God will be worshiped by the girls of Omi—and not on company orders.

(Since sending in the above article, Mr. Deverall wrote to us on August 23 about the progress of the strike. "Another girl has died," he wrote, "and a union executive tried to commit suicide. And still the strike grinds on, though now, I am certain, the union can finally win some kind of a settlement." ED.)

## Symbols in a hurricane

John LaFarge

WHILE HURRICANE CAROL was roaring into action on August 31, a group of philosophically minded people were gathered in Harvard's Lamont Library to discuss "the relation of symbols to political and social organization." They were participating in the fourteenth annual meeting of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life, which usually convenes in New York City. Talk flowed peacefully along while the gale ripped trees to pieces all over the University Yard and gusts streamed torrents over the window panes.

In nearby Boston the wind knocked over one of America's historic symbols: the steeple of Old North Church, where lanterns hung for Paul Revere the night of April 18, 1775. It was Architect Bulfinch's steeple of 1809, including part of the 1740 structure, and its fall caused more emotion around Boston than did any other phase of the hurricane's disaster, save the actual loss of human life.

This was the second year the conference had devoted itself to the topic of symbolism. It had published early this year an 827-page book of previous findings (*Symbols and Values: an Initial Study*. Harper. \$6).

Fr. LaFarge is an associate editor of AMERICA.

Such discussions are justified, for human relations operate to a surprising extent by means of evocative, emotionally charged symbols, just as science operates by means of its purely significative and mathematical tokens. Symbols are signs, said Rev. Gerald B. Phelan of St. Michael's College, Toronto, one of the discussants, which have "something added." That "something added" appeals to the deepest instincts and associations of our being. It stirs people up to piety, joy, terror, enthusiasm, heroism or frenzy. "Man is a symbol-making animal" is a cant phrase. Anyhow, he does "make" them and culls their form and substance out of all his environment.

### SYMBOLS AT WORK

During the coming congressional campaign, political and patriotic symbols are bound to be in the saddle, galloping faster and farther than Paul Revere's scurrying nag. Though there is no substitute for symbols, as Prof. Richard P. McKeon observed in *Symbols and Values*, they are necessarily somewhat ambiguous. Major political issues immediately clothe themselves in a symbolic form and struggle for prominence in the top ratings of all our means of communication, such as press, radio and TV. Yet so great is the "burden of attention" upon the imagination of the reading, viewing or listening audience, that only a fraction of the various appeals gain a hearing.

Unfortunately, said Dr. Karl W. Deutsch, professor of history and political science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, it is not possible to organize the listeners as we do the means of communication. As for the readers' or listeners' plight, he quoted interesting data from the 1952-1953 survey of the Inter-



national Press Institute. According to this survey, about one-sixth of local news published in American newspapers was actually read, and only about one-seventh of national news. Somewhat less than one-eighth of international news published was actually read. Since much more domestic news is published in the first place, the ratio of domestic to foreign news actually read would be closer to fourteen to one. Foreign news was more likely to be read when "American" or "U. S."—each of them a mighty symbol—was included in the headline.

This autumn's arguments and debates concerning the recent Supreme Court decision on racial segregation in the nation's public schools are sure to flush a covey of such time-honored verbal symbols as "equality," "opportunity" "citizenship," social "place" and "status," "States Rights," "Federal control." Each of them is charged with a cluster of connotations.

Transferred to a global scale, the battle of verbal symbols enlivened discussion at the recent Manila conference on the defense of Southeast Asia. "Colonialism," "imperialism," "coexistence" and "aggression" flapped their portentous wings. Manila itself symbolizes the greatest and noblest in America's dealings with the Far East. Secretary Dulles, flying his (symbolic?) *Dewdrop* to the rendezvous, is himself a symbol to millions of human beings, as are most of the distinguished participants, and, indeed, the *event* of the conference and the *kairos* or historic moment itself. For history makes symbols just as symbols make history.

#### POWER OF SYMBOLS

Coming to practical considerations, two or three appealed to me as possibly emerging from what I had followed of the conference's philosophic discussions. Both the onlooker and the participant in these impending clashes of thought and feeling will certainly be better equipped to keep his head if he is fully aware of the tremendous power symbols exercise for good or evil in our lives. How deeply aware Our Saviour Himself was of the power of symbols appears from His constant use of them for His teachings, such as His reference to the great symbolic institutions, ceremonies, persons and events of the Old Law, and His incorporation of symbolic substances and acts—water, bread, wine, anointing, pouring, eating, drinking, etc.—into the very imparting of divine grace.

In recent times, attempts have been made to "debunk" the sacred symbols relating to God and to country: to mechanize them as mere automatic reflexes, or to nebulate them into dreamlike emergences from the unconscious psyche. But they stand firm against assaults. The Stars and Stripes and the National Anthem still move us on occasion near to tears. Nothing, for example, will ever quite dim that mixture of nostalgia and joyful pride that affects one who witnesses the solemn trooping of the colors on the glorious parade ground at West Point.

But the onlooker or participant will be still better equipped if he is aware of the substitutions that human guile can effect in even the most obvious and stirring symbols. "Peace," "unity," "disarmament," "non-aggression"—all of them among the noblest of symbolic proposals—can come, like Hitler's "Little Man" and "Positive Christianity," to mean their exact opposite. We cannot cure this confusion without fashioning a new world. But we can prevent much delusion for ourselves and others if we take more time to analyze the slogans and emotional appeals and to spot the subtle transformation that can disfigure them.

#### JUDGING SYMBOLS

Teachers, particularly, at every level from the grade school to the university, are in a strong position to develop such an observant and discriminating habit among their pupils. Often they can accomplish more that way than by lengthy theoretical discourses. How different, for instance, is the concept produced by such an emotion-provoking expression as "private property" or "social welfare" when understood in the light of a spiritually grounded social teaching, from what it is when it is interpreted by persons who either blindly adhere to the status quo or are captivated by a revolutionary egalitarianism. This means, of course, that your understanding and your use of symbols—the inspiration or the evil contagion that you may absorb from them—depend in the long run upon your critical analysis of the concepts that they really involve. This is true of temporal and political affairs. It is also true in the highest and most spiritual realms.

Above and beyond the expected turbulence of these coming months arises in unearthly purity near the close of the Marian year the magnificent symbolism with which the Church Universal vests her teaching on the immaculate conception of the Mother of God. Christian piety in all simplicity may rejoice in this symbolism without profoundly examining its inner meaning and the theological and philosophical depths that it implies. Yet for those who do venture into these depths and who attempt to grasp the brilliant cosmic synthesis that Marian symbolism denotes, the feast, the dogma, the historical anniversary will take on much greater reality. It is not too late to try.

Out of such humble effort may come a further realization: the need of a mighty unifying symbol, or an enlivening of existing symbols, to inspire a sense of unity among the free nations of the world. Communist propaganda dramatizes with extraordinary skill the appeal to world unity which the Communists have built up into a terrific driving force. To counter such an appeal, the free world's symbol must be positive in its nature. As many of today's skilled social psychologists are coming to recognize, a sense of unity drawn solely from the urgency of common defense is not the strongest unifying force for the local or for the national or world community.

The strength of our defense as well as the guarantee of our unity rests ultimately upon what we love and are ready to live and die for. As expressed by Dr. Deutsch at the conclusion of his paper:

Men are willing to suffer and die for that which they have learned to love; but they must first have learned to love it. A people, Saint Augustine wrote many years ago, is a community of rational beings united in the object of their love. These words might still suggest a fairly realistic ap-

proach to the problem of building a community among nations.

After Hurricane Carol the sun suddenly emerged and shone rather mockingly upon a mass of tangled tree-trunks, grounded wires and defaced buildings. It would be a tragedy if some day the light of reasoned hindsight should coldly shine upon a world wrecked beyond repair because it had ignored the power of symbols to ruin or to save us, or because we had lost the power to love.

### Stratford letter

Almost everybody comes to Canada's Stratford nowadays. Billy Rose came here from New York and José Ferrer and Miss Rosemary Clooney (his wife) came from Hollywood, and the Mothers this and the Fathers that from such-and-such a college or convent came. In fact so many of the people of America have been there, that perhaps it is superfluous to write to AMERICA about it.

And on the opening night of the second year of the great annual Shakespeare Festival, the Governor General, Vincent Massey, came too. Alas, he was sharply criticized for the deed and for staying two whole days, when, people said, he ought to have been at home in Ottawa to welcome Mr. Churchill, who had chosen just that moment to pass through Canada on his way back from Washington. But there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that Mr. Massey—a courteous gentleman as well as a patron of the arts—had offered to take Mr. Churchill to Stratford with him, and that Mr. Churchill would have been well-advised to accept the invitation.

Much was expected of that second opening—people remembered so much about the first one. They remembered how when Alec Guinness appeared in *Richard the Third* that staid Ontario audience rose as one man (and he of any race but Anglo-Saxon!) to howl a welcome. It is a great deal to find you have a star who has come to you not out of any vulgar zeal for lucre (he could have had far more of that almost anywhere else), but out of sympathy for your own great enterprise, and because he sincerely saw in it artistic opportunity for himself. Before the end of the season, those who had learned to admire Mr. Guinness in the films were to admit that while his comic acting had lost none of its cajoling innocence and suavity, his interpretation of the tragic role had developed a vein of sprightly macabre beauty all his own.

And almost as much as Mr. Guinness, people remembered his leading lady, Irene Worth. Is it etymological purism, I wonder, that makes them call her "Ireenie," or is it pure affection? In both plays, but especially in the seldom-performed, but here luminously successful *All's Well That Ends Well* (the very title might have been an omen), the charming woman demonstrated to a world misled by advertising the true meaning of personal fascination—a spiritual thing.

But it is needless to speak of 1953. The story is told in most readable form, and the many triumphs

## LITERATURE AND ARTS

of acting, directing, designing, financing chronicled and duly belauded by the producer, Tyrone Guthrie and one of Canada's foremost writers, Robertson Davies, in *Renown at Stratford*, a book published by Clark, Irwin & Co. in Toronto. The illustrations of distinctive beauty are by Grant MacDonald. Of the twenty-four, my own favorite is that of Eleanor Stuart as The Countess of Rossillion, a "colored drawing" almost equal in its brilliance to that lady's already legendary acting of the role.

Well, of course, it is impossible to repeat an historic moment, and the second opening could not have the glamor and exuberance of the first. The second year nevertheless was a solid success.

There were changes. Mr. Guinness, it was understood, could not be back so soon. Neither could Miss Worth. The season was lengthened at first to eight weeks, and finally, when the demand for seats showed no abatement, to nine. But the great shallow bowl of the pavilion-theatre was the same; Tanya Moiseiwitsch's many-sided mobile stage with its little octangular tholos and balcony was the same; the trumpeters still sounded at the doors; the cannons still boomed when the play was to start, and everyone jumped and women still screamed when they did so.

There were three plays this year instead of two. They were *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Oedipus Rex*. I shall say a word about each.

James Mason "of London and Hollywood" played Angelo. Somewhat rashly, he had confided to a reporter beforehand that the part was "a straightforward one," but fortunately his interpretation was more profound than his criticism. However, though his act-

Fr. Plunkett, S.J., contributed for several years the "Quebec letter" in these columns.

ing was subtle, his person handsome and his voice persuasive and full of blandishment, it was felt by many that he lacked an essential *something*—shall we call it authority?

As a tragic actor, Miss Frances Hyland, of Regina and London, an appealing actress, was in most vehement earnest as Isabella, and Floyd Bochner, obedient to one reading of a disputed play, strode through the part of the intriguing duke, looking like divine providence in a white robe. The minor parts were universally excellent. The production, of a kind of murky splendor, was directed by Cecil Clarke.

Tyrone Guthrie's presentation of *The Taming of the Shrew* was a boisterous one, which pleased the audience and disconcerted reviewers. Brooks Atkinson (a loyal supporter) decided in the *New York Times* that the play as played had everything but humor. But Robertson Davies indirectly rebutted this by asserting in the Toronto *Saturday Night* that it had everything but beauty. The French critics who discussed it under its indefinitely Gallic-sounding title of *La Mégère Apprivoisée* were ready to proclaim that it had everything, including beauty, including humor. To them it was: "a fantasy, a romp, a farce, a circus, a carnival."

It was all that and more to me. It was played, of course, in the dreamland world where anachronisms flourish. The dress was of all periods, the acting of all schools, Keith-Albee Orpheum—Leon Chaucerel—Old Vic—Ballet-Russe. It was exhilarating in the highest degree. The company performed well as a company, the individuals as individuals. It contained two of the choicest bits of comic acting I have ever seen, Robert Christie's flight of lyrical lunacy as the Pedant, and Eric House's exquisite pantomime as the insulted tailor.

I was teaching *Oedipus* in Greek last year, and listening to it in English after that is an experience bound to disappoint more often than it enhances. The translation—that of Yeats—is plain, discreet, meager. The choruses are all iambic, and how one misses the energy (even though spared the difficulties) of those changing rhythms! There is, moreover, no effect of strophe and antistrophe; the dancing, if those groping movements could be described as dancing, seemed haphazard and casual; the singing tentative.

Nevertheless, the play made a very great impression. Many people not familiar with French-Canadian theatrical work of a decade or so ago had never seen masks employed in drama before, and it must be admitted that these masks, designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, were striking. That of *Oedipus* (Mr. Mason) was gold, and in its expression a tortured pride seemed to predominate. *Jocasta*, the wife-mother (Miss Stuart) had a silvery appearance, and *Creon* was bronze. All wore the cothurnus. These oddities were not, of course, enough to sustain interest for a single evening. It was the fascination of that appalling story, the skill of Sophocles' construction, and the sincerity of the presentation that did that.

I have two sharp regrets. When *Jocasta* speaks for the first time—she is the only female character in the play—the sensitive Greek verse seems to undergo a change of sex. The words are words of reproach, but they are entirely feminine, and contain the threefold tenderness of a woman addressing at the same time husband, son and brother. Our *Jocasta*, in this opening line, was almost strident. She seemed to scold.

The second complaint is a louder one, and I am not the only one to make it. This play should never have an intermission. It is short. The suspense (as Maurice Baring said of life) is only just bearable, but it is a sacred thing and nothing should ever be done to reduce or even interrupt it. And the idea of re-establishing continuity by saying for the second time a few lines of the preceding scene, as though the play were a gramophone record to be started and stopped at will, was, it seems to me, a monstrous error.

We are all looking forward to next year. The people in Stratford say that *Hamlet* is to be one of the plays. Who is to be the star? The big names have all been mentioned, not all with approval. There is a kind of hankering locally to have Mr. Guinness again.

In any case, Tyrone Guthrie will be directing, as before, and that is assurance enough for most of us. I intend to reserve my tickets very early.

PATRICK MARY PLUNKETT

#### Rhyme for our time

Personify the Atom  
In terms of humankind,  
Like Einstein's whirl of halos  
Dancing round his mind.

Abstractions on the blackboard  
In chalk that chills—  
It isn't the dust that chokes,  
It's the Cloud that kills.

Now lift the leaden chalice,  
This Particle anoint,  
And smash a thousand angels  
On a needle point.

The secret universe  
Was hidden in the dew  
Before the mind's Columbus  
Split the sea in two.

We long discovered love  
And love too late,  
Who pluck the poison cloud  
And H-olocaust of hate.

The sun shall dance in fire  
(We, childlike, learn)—  
O startled among the stars,  
Our fingers burn!

THOMAS P. McDONNELL



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PLUNKETT

### Three on saints

#### THERESE OF LISIEUX

By Hans Urs von Balthasar (translated by Donald Nichol). Sheed & Ward. 288p. \$3.50

#### LOUIS MARTIN: AN IDEAL FATHER

By Louis and Marjorie Wust. Apostolate of the Press. 375p. \$3

#### BERNADETTE AND LOURDES

By Michel de Saint-Pierre (translated by Edward Fitzgerald). Farrar, Straus, & Young. 267p. \$3.50

The first two books, additions to the growing library of Thérèse literature, offer, respectively, a serious study of the spiritual doctrine of St. Thérèse (as exemplified in her life), and a popular life-picture of her father, Louis Martin, who had a demonstrably strong formative influence upon her life and spirit.

Fr. Balthasar seeks to counteract representations of the saint's life and teaching that have appeared to him to be too exclusively psychological in their interest, by undertaking a laudable study of her providential mission. He terms his study an essay in theological phenomenology. It contains three parts, which treat in turn the essential factors in her sanctity, her concept of her vocation and what the author considers to be her own distinctive spiritual teaching. It is prefaced by an excellent and challenging introduction upon the significance, theologically, of the teaching of the saints.

There are many points of excellence in this study of the teaching of St. Thérèse. The author's own observations throughout are sharp and illuminating; he ponders well, in exploring the depth of her doctrine, her concept of Christian life as eternal and as essentially spiritual. He indicates, also, the importance of her "office" (she was given the task but not accorded the title of novice mistress) in searching her principles of conduct.

Because of the author's "mass presentation" of texts in reviewing the young saint's teaching, however, the work is, in parts, difficult to read. But it offers all who are interested in the doctrine of Thérèse a suggestion of the theological riches that are hidden in her thought and may be mined in her writings. One might add, however, that the points of doctrine selected for treatment here reflect too much the existential preoccupations of the author; and the present

reviewer feels that the over-all presentation of the teaching of St. Thérèse represents her in a manner too artificial and too contrived.

Louis Martin, the admirable father of Thérèse, whose life is presented in the second work, was evidently a major influence upon her development and growth in sanctity (one might speak thus of his providential mission). The saint's understanding of the Divine Paternity (a cardinal concept in her doctrine) was, through the instinct of grace, built upon her experience of her natural father's love and dedication to her welfare.

While there is at times (not too often) an excursus into sentimental romantics, this portrait of the father of a saint, drawn from the ordinary testimonies and records of the Martin family, is well-arranged and presented, and worthy of the perusal of many a father.

The light thrown by Lourdes onto Catholic life during the past century has illumined the devotion of many souls during this Marian year. And something of its increasing, steady strength is reflected in a well-translated account of its origin.

The present work is principally a life-portrait of St. Bernadette herself. The author divides his matter into four portions, the first two of which (entitled "The Visions" and "The Silence," and comprising over two hundred of the book's pages) tell the tale of the visions at Massabielle and of Bernadette's subsequent life. Of the latter two parts, the third treats of the Lourdes shrine and its remarkable growth, while the fourth gathers, as an appendix, various notes: on the Soubirous family, the order of the visions, Bernadette's novice mistress, her letter to the Holy Father.

In a thoughtful and vivid account, the miracle of Lourdes is presented here in an easily readable manner. Its presentation is popular and yet sufficiently critical of sources to satisfy all. The impressions are sharply drawn, but without the sentiment and false romantics that regrettably have marred all too many portraits of St. Bernadette.

To the author's credit is the fact that he does not lose sight of the saint herself once the visions are over, but follows her understandingly during her subsequent days to her death, as a religious, in Nevers. Prefaced briefly by the Bishop of Nevers (where Bernadette lies entombed), this is a worthy tribute both to Bernadette herself and to Mary, immaculately conceived.

WILLIAM J. REED, S.J.

## BOOKS

### Two on potential saints

#### THE CRAZY DOCTOR

By Arie Van Der Lugt. Random House. 248p. \$3

It was the eccentricities of the new doctor, Tom de Geus, which first alienated the farmers of the remote Dutch lowlands where he went to practice—his hairy, ape-like appearance, his fancy for riding a motorcycle, his enjoyment of and unexpected prowess in a fight, his loudly proclaimed atheism.

It took time for them to understand his proficiency in his profession, and his generous way with the poor, just as it took time for Father Conings, an aging, tired priest, to understand that the doctor not only believed in God, but did so with a fervor and immediacy which held God responsible for his many disappointments and frustrations. What he most of all held against God was His failure to give children to Tom de Geus and his wife Jannette, whose marriage had deteriorated into mutual blame for this failure and had in the end wound up in separation.

Father Conings, a remarkably real figure with his terrible inarticulateness in the face of crises, with all his affection and understanding of the tormented doctor, hews straight to the basic question of what is intrinsically right, and withdraws his friendship when Tom takes into his home a beautiful mistress to assuage his loneliness. (The doctor, in typical fashion, feels that God punishes his wrongdoing by removing his only other source of comfort, the priest's companionship.) But it is eventually Father Conings who instinctively knows and does the thing which leads to the doctor's rehabilitation and enables him to return to a way of life in which he cooperates with God's grace, instead of, like an eternal adolescent, rebelling against it.

The substance of this novel, shining through a mediocre translation which mistakes an occasional slang expression for true American idiom, should prove of special interest to Catholic readers. Mr. Van Der Lugt, who at thirty-seven is the author of six novels and seventy plays, succeeds admirably where many another novelist with a religious theme fails: the moral problems are firmly rooted in characteriza-

tion and, inseparable from the story, are worked out convincingly in feeling and behavior rather than, as so often takes place, merely in conversation.

There is a gratifying soundness to this robust, hearty story of the man who quarrelled with God and whose personal moral struggle illustrates in its limited way the Christian concept of reality. ELEANOR F. CULHANE

#### WALKING ON BORROWED LAND

By William A. Owens. Bobbs-Merrill. 304p. \$3.50

A deep sense of human dignity marks Mose Ingram, the central character of this novel. The reader meets Mose as he enters the town of Columbus, Oklahoma, to take up his job as principal of the colored school.

The task, as he faces it, is an impossible one. The city is strictly segregated into Columbus and Happy Hollow. There are four inadequate teachers in the eight-teacher school. The only house he can secure for his wife and sons is a three-room shack. He is forced into debt to finance the trip of Josie and the boys from Mississippi. Mose accepts the challenge resignedly, motivated by a sincere desire to help his people and to avoid friction with the whites.

It is hard to teach school in a Jim Crow city. It is hard for a sensitive educated man to be surrounded by an illiterate community. It is hard for a man to be weighed down by a superstitious wife. It is hard to bear the shot-gun death of a son by whites and the moral destruction of a second son. These are the crosses Mose sustains with patience and Christian fortitude. Mose's responses to these trials prove him a credit not only to his own race but to the human race.

The author has written of a problem peculiar to these times which becomes all the more poignant because of the dispassionate presentation and because of the integrity and stature of the hero.

MARGARET SCOTT LIENERT

#### One on great people

#### SCENES AND PORTRAITS

By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton, 243p. \$4.50

Both the author and reviewer of this book suffered a common defect in their educations: for both of them, Europe was presented as "the very sea-mark of their utmost sail," while the cultural history of their own coun-

try was neglected or even deprecated. But, happily for all of us, Van Wyck Brooks survived the "European virus" of his youth to provide us, in maturer years, with ample witness that America, too, is a land of "makers and finders." *Scenes and Portraits* is one such witness—the latest, perhaps the most charming of all.

Considered from one point of view, the book is a biographical memoir, an impressionistic sketch of a hyperesthetic youth, from his birth in 1886 (in the "unloved State of New Jersey") to 1914, a year of crisis for him and the Western world alike.

With little more than pencil strokes the portrait grows before our eyes: the child in Plainfield, whose life was "supported by cast-iron customs"; the adolescent, whose mind "first came to life" in Dresden; the youth who chose Harvard as his college because he knew he was a writer born; the journalist, the teacher; finally, the new "discoverer" of America who, returning from Europe on the eve of the First World War, became a convert to the scriptures of Melville and Whitman.

But *Scenes and Portraits* is much more than personal biography. In

many ways, it is an index to the cultural history of America in those years. Through imaginative reminiscence, the reader is recalled to contemplate the "savage and lawless epoch of American finance" of the author's boyhood; a Harvard devoted, not so much to Emersonian ideals, as to the vision of the "distant, splendid things" of Europe and the past; the romantic peninsula of Monterey, which, far from firing one's creative powers, becalmed those who came there, rendering them listless and supine.

As in the case of Widsith, the roll-call of Brooks' friends and acquaintances is impressive. Max Perkins, Arthur Ryder, Charles Eliot Norton, H. C. Wells, the Jameses, Irving Babbitt, John Butler Yeats, Alan Seeger, Robinson Jeffers—these are but a few whom one encounters in pages filled with names of the great and near-great of the author's early years.

And over all, the autumnal mellowness of Van Wyck Brooks' wit plays, delighting by occasional phrase as well as detailed vignette. If you are ignorant, *Scenes and Portraits* will instruct you; if you are learned, it will bring to mind a host of "auld acquaintance" that should not be forgot.

RUTH HALLISY

#### THE NEW TESTAMENT

Translated by James A Kleist, S.J. and Joseph L. Lilly, C.M. Bruce. 690p. \$5

A recent convert to Christianity described the thrill she experienced when a copy of the Gospels fell into her hands and she chanced upon the sublime teaching of Our Lord for the first time. A similar experience awaits the reader of this latest—and very successful—English translation of the New Testament. The life of Jesus, which may have lost some of its original charm through long familiarity, takes on new meaning when presented in the language of our day. The Epistles, too, in modern idiom appear as living documents vibrant with the emotion of their authors.

The translators were at pains to convey the precise shades of meaning of the Greek text rather than to produce a slavish word-for-word translation. Long sentences are sometimes broken up into smaller units and occasionally several English words are used to express the exact connotation of a single Greek word. The result is a clear, intelligible rendition which highlights the thought-content without arousing undue attention.

Frs. Kleist and Lilly were especially well-qualified for the difficult task of preparing an accurate translation of

the New Testament. They devoted their lives—the former at St. Louis University and the latter at various Vincentian seminaries—to an intensive study of the ordinary, everyday Greek used in the times of the Apostles. Fr. Kleist had previously published the Gospel of St. Mark under the title *The Memoirs of St. Peter*.

Though the manuscript was completed in 1948, the book did not appear until May of this year, owing to difficulties encountered after the death of the translators. Judging from the absence of reviews in appropriate magazines, it seems likely and most regrettable that few review copies were distributed.

F. T. SEVERIN, S.J.

#### THE DESERT WATCHES

By Wilson MacArthur. Bobbs-Merrill. 350p. \$3.50.

The travel agencies have licked about everything now except the Sahara, and SATT (Société Algérienne Transports Tropicaux) assured Wilson MacArthur and his wife Joan that they had nothing to fear even on that score. Their contemplated 2,000-mile drive via the Hoggar route from Algiers to Kano on their way home to Rhodesia should (upon payment of a thumping fee) prove a relaxing experience. Plenty of

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food along the way, water every 24 hours, and certain assistance in case of a breakdown from one of SAAT's regularly scheduled trucks or buses.

It did not turn out quite that way. Owing to a trio of mishaps—an expensive but wretchedly inadequate car (some twenty years ago your reviewer found a Model-T flivver quite adequate over much of this route), a series of sandstorms and the indifference of the local officialdom—the MacArthurs came very close to dying of thirst south of Tamanrasset. It was a near thing.

Their history-laden route carried them across the Tellian and Saharan Atlas through Laghouat to Ghardaia of the Mozabites, a heretical Mohammedan sect which, like our own Mormons, withdrew into a wasteland and turned it into an oasis. They went on to El Golea, where Père Charles de Foucauld is buried; to In Salah where the water is (if such can be believed) worse than at Ghardaia; and to Tamanrasset where de Foucauld lived in heroic penance and was finally murdered.

The chapter entitled "Veiled Men" is a memorable one, giving an account

of the Toureg, the once-dominant tribe of North Africa whose feats of war and of endurance are proverbial (they have been known to go 14 days without food and 5 days without water before dying). Their power was not finally broken until 1902, when, in a famous battle, they hurled their spears and themselves into the teeth of French machine-gun fire.

These aristocrats of the sands, self-reliant and contemptuous of others, became devoted to Père de Foucauld and recognized his holiness. MacArthur writes sympathetically of the priest, but erroneously states that he was a White Father, and is somewhat hard put to explain a supernatural life in natural terms. We commend to his attention Anne Fremantle's perceptive biography, *Desert Calling*.

The MacArthurs make agreeable companions, combining knowledgeable comment on their surroundings with a genuine feel for the spell the desert exerts. A taste for silence and solitude is rare enough nowadays, and it is refreshing to find it fulfilled in these pages without the misanthropic overtones that often accompany it.

PHILLIPS TEMPLE

#### NUNAMIUT

By Helge Ingstad. Norton. 303p. \$3.95

This is a study of Alaska's inland Eskimos—people who live by hunting instead of fishing—by a practised Arctic expert. It is translated from the Norwegian, and is supplemented with photographs, with lively line drawings by an Eskimo native, index, bibliography and folding map. The author acquired a knowledge of the difficult Eskimo language, appeared in one of their settlements and told them he wished to spend the winter with them, sharing the unique life of this little group of sixty-five persons, all told. He was cordially received. As a result, he was able to furnish an inside picture of their beliefs, superstitions, psychology, economy and culture.

He speaks frankly of their uninhibited, though not perverted, sex habits; avoids physical details that make some explorers' narratives bad reading before dinner. A mighty young hunter called Paniaq did the drawings for him and in general interpreted his folk's life and ways, which the author characterizes:

There is something so good-humored and cordial about these people that one cannot help liking them. They have an infectious humor which makes life brighter, a broad humanity with few reservations. Yet it is easy to put one's finger on things that jar. And

there are dark spaces in their souls. Suddenly, and at times when one least expects it, some utterly primitive feelings will flash out, savage and incomprehensible. Sometimes the situation becomes such that it is better for a white man to exercise patience than to prove himself right.

But one can say unreservedly that they are easy to live with.

Valuable for folklore lovers are the specimens of their songs, akin to those of the eastern (Point Barrow) Eskimo and the Eskimo of Siberia. The author hints at what will happen to them physically and morally, once our civilization reaches their isolated little community. Early Protestant mission effort seems to have left little impression.

JOHN LAFARGE

#### LADY OF BEAUTY

By Kikou Yamata. Foreword by Pearl S. Buck. Day. 192p. \$3

This compelling story of a beautiful woman is an allegory of a magnificent nation. In depicting the heart and soul of a Japanese lady of our day, the author shows us the soul of Japan as Xavier grasped it instinctively when he wrote Ignatius Loyola that the Japanese, of all the Oriental peoples, were by nature best prepared for the truth of Catholicism.

The soul of the heroine, Nobuko, is a soul that aspires to power, to ad-

## Popular Books for your Fall Reading

### A MAN BORN AGAIN

John E. Beahn

As he awaits execution at the block, Thomas More tells the story of his own life and of his final intense choice between life and death, between Henry and God. Utilizing this unique first person approach to achieve a dramatic intimacy, this "interior analysis" explores More's pursuit of sanctity as the key point in his life story. It's a brilliantly conceived and executed imaginative biography of the popular "God's Jester" by the talented author of *A Rich Young Man*. **\$3.00**

### MARY IN DOCTRINE

Very Rev. Emil N. Neubert, S.M.

A systematic, yet very readable treatment of all truths about the Mother of God. Tracing Marian doctrine from its beginnings, the noted French Mariologist, Father Neubert, clearly shows the meaning and development of everything Catholics believe about the Blessed Virgin. Considered a classic in its European editions, it has been called by *Marianum* "the best compendium of Mariology put within the grasp of everybody." **\$4.25**

### KATERI OF THE MOHAWKS

Marie Cecilia Buehrle

With simple realism and narrative skill, the author of *St. Maria Goretti* reconstructs the life of Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha, the saintly little Mohawk girl. In fictionalized form, her book portrays the growth of Kateri's purity amid the savagery of her tribe. "Miss Buehrle's authentic and moving biography of Kateri will do much to increase interest in the Lily of the Mohawks."—*Review for Religion*. **\$3.00**

### THESE CAME HOME

Edited by Gilbert Oddo

This is a record of the spiritual odyssey of fifteen converts who disclose their intellectual struggles and make known to the world their joy in finding their "home" in the Catholic Church. Among them are a well-known opera star, the son of a prominent New York clothing dynasty, and two Anglican Ministers. **\$3.00**

### HIS HEART IN OUR WORK

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Like Satan, this is a symposium from Etudes Carmelitaines. Among the contributors are Gustave Thibon writing on War and Love, Father John Baptist Reeves, O.P. on Love and Violence in the Gospels and Père Philip de la Trinité, O.C.D. whose article is called God of Wrath or God of Love? Illus. \$4.00

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miration, to adoration. It is a proud soul, stifling its failure in human relations in brittle isolation. It is a soul that finds peace only in acceptance of God and the sacraments of the Catholic Church.

The book is like a painting by Veronese, in which the central figure is set in contrast with varied life-like types of humanity. The loyal watchman, who could not live without duty; the gross gardener, toiling for months to produce a day's beauty of perfect chrysanthemums; the industrialist-husband whose wealth could not buy love; the servant-maid glorified by unselfish service—all are unforgettable people.

Set in the time of World War II, this is still a timeless book. It recalls an immortal poem of the Japanese Masatoshi about 1600, in which the wild cherry is used as symbol of all that is finest in the Japanese soul: "Day after day, waiting to see once more the whiteness of cherry bloom on Yoshino mount, my heart is smothered in the white clouds that veil the peak."

The artistic skill of this book is a reminder that Japanese civilization is two thousand years old.

DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

**PHILOSOPHER OR DOG?**

By Machado de Assis. Translated from the Portuguese by Clotilde Wilson. Noonday Press. 271p. \$3.50

A good novel should not need an explanatory preface by a translator, but we are grateful for clues to the author's meaning in this, the last of the trio of Machado's great novels to be translated into English. It is a sequel to *Epitaph of a Small Winner* and treats a similar theme, namely, insanity in the form of megalomania.

The intriguing title of the book comes from the fact that Quincas Borba, the mad philosopher of *Epitaph*, makes Rubiao, a provincial schoolteacher, the heir to his fortune, on condition that he take care of Quincas' dog, whose name is also Quincas Borba. Throughout the story, the reader is just a little doubtful as to whether or not the deceased philosopher is re-incarnated in the poor animal.

What happens to a poor schoolteacher who inherits great wealth is a perfect setting for the ironic pen of Machado, who is able to comment on almost all phases of life in the short episodes which make up his book. We witness Rubiao's steady progress toward the inevitable loss of sanity and loss of his fortune. We may not always understand the author's sym-

bolism, but we are almost always entertained by his wit and insight into the human heart. There are, in all, 201 vignettes, most of which contribute to the novel's suspense and to its portrayal of 19th-century Brazilian bourgeoisie.

Machado, who already has a comparatively large American following, is sure to make many new friends by this delightfully different novel.

PIERRE COURTINES

**THE TRIPTYCH OF THE KINGDOM**

N. G. M. van Doornik, S. Jelsma and A. van de Lisdonk. Trans. from the Dutch. Edited by John Greenwood. Newman. 491p. \$4.75

This "handbook of the Catholic faith" is a popular treatment of the Church's teachings presented on a high level. Its authors have been working in Holland under the auspices of the Una Sancta movement. They give us here the fruit of their learning and experience, which is very impressive. They show a keen insight into the psychology of the modern non-Catholic, adapting in an admirable way the presentation of Catholic truth to his religious background and temperament. Their success is indicated by the more than 250 converts a year received at the Una Sancta House in the Hague, of which Dr. van Doornik is the superior.

Beginning with the fact of God and His intervention in human history, the authors establish man's obligation to serve Him in the manner He has revealed. They review His choice of the Jews and the prophecies concerning the Messiah and His kingdom. They show the fulfillment of those prophecies in Jesus Christ, quoting liberally from the Bible, whose reliability is proven in detail.

The main part of the book deals with dogma, the sacraments, Christian morality, the liturgy and the means of attaining Christian perfection. What gives it a new and original flavor is the psychological approach, the effort to adapt the matter to the non-Catholic mentality and to explain it in terms he can understand.

This would be an excellent book to give to a Catholic attending a secular college, as well as to a convert who wants a deeper and broader knowledge of the faith. The priest and lay apostle not only will find it an excellent summary of Catholic doctrine and practice but will receive many insights into ways of reaching the modern mind. The editor and publisher are to be congratulated for making it available to English readers.

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## SOREN KIERKEGAARD

By Johannes Hohlenberg. Pantheon.  
321p. \$5

Some years ago I tried to persuade a playwright friend of mine to investigate the dramatic possibilities contained in the life of Søren Kierkegaard. I failed to arouse his interest, however, despite the use which Ibsen had made of several aspects of Kierkegaard's character in one or two of his best-known plays.

Unfortunately, at that time, the only available biography of Kierkegaard in English was Walter Lowrie's huge volume, a masterpiece of scholarship but rather unwieldy in its great mass of details. The need was there to present Kierkegaard's story in its suitable dramatic proportions, following his personal development in sufficient depth and concreteness but without becoming engaged in biographical side issues and the technical philosophical aspects.

This need has been splendidly met in Johannes Hohlenberg's book. It provides the American reader with a vivid, authentic portrait of the great Danish writer, the centenary of whose death will be celebrated in 1955.

Hohlenberg himself is a Dane and is familiar not only with Kierkegaard's writings but also with his cultural, social and religious background. His book was published in Copenhagen over a decade ago, was immediately awarded a prize by the Danish Kierkegaard Society, and was translated into German shortly after World War II. The present English translation was made directly from the Danish by an English minister and Kierkegaardian scholar, T. H. Croxall, who has supplied references to the existing English translations of Kierkegaard's books.

A special feature of the book is the set of twelve plates, showing Kierkegaard's relatives and friends, as well as some of the important personages and places in his life. There are also some fifteen contemporary line-drawings of Kierkegaard himself. Some of these drawings are caricatures reproduced from a Copenhagen scandal sheet, the *Corsair*. These latter are important, not only because they reveal some of his physical peculiarities but also because they convey, more powerfully than many pages of prose could do, the extent and intensity of the lashing which Kierkegaard willingly took from the public press. He raised one of the great 19th-century protests against an anonymous and irresponsible press.

In this field as well as in others, he stood out for personal responsibility and plain decency in human relations, just at a time when machines and



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managerial plans were beginning to make such humane ideals seem old-fashioned and unworkable. Kierkegaard showed that they could work—but only if the individual journalist, tradesman and churchman were ready to pay a high price in personal sacrifice or in what he liked to call “Christian collision.”

Hohlenberg wisely concentrates upon the major scenes in Kierkegaard's life: His odd upbringing at the hands of a melancholy but stimulating father, his tragic and exasperating failure at human love, his pointed criticism of Hegelian philosophy, the *Corsair* incident, and the final years occupied with a bitter, running attack upon the Established Church. Kierkegaard filled many journals and notebooks with minute accounts of his attitudes in these situations, and Hohlenberg makes good use of these sources. He does his best to disentangle the facts from the mist of subjective fantasy which sometimes shrouded them in Kierkegaard's own recital.

The book is not notably successful in its occasional philosophical evaluations, but fortunately this is not its primary aim. It fulfils its chief purpose of introducing the reader directly to Kierkegaard's personality, in all its challenging complexity and combativeness and religious fire.

JAMES COLLINS

## HOW TO JUDGE A SCHOOL

By William F. Russell. Harper. 143p. \$2.50

If parents are puzzled and taxpayers are tired, here is a little handbook by the president of Teachers College, Columbia University, which offers them relief. It is occasioned by the rash of criticism of modern public education, and purports to help the layman form some clear judgments about our school system.

It recognizes that ultimately, for better or for worse, the type of education we have depends on the American citizen, not on the educator. To evaluate our school system adequately three points must be considered: its end or purposes, the raw material or student, the processes. The book is an orderly presentation of selected facts and principles under each of these three headings.

The author begins by giving examples of un-American types of education such as were common among primitive peoples, the old Chinese, and the Prussian and Ottoman empires. These were un-American because they stressed the past, the group, authority, centralization, slavish imitation and were mechanical rote learning.

American education, on the other hand, must emphasize the sacredness of the individual, his abilities and interests and the ends contained in the Declaration of Independence. These ends are equality of opportunity, freedom from tyranny, the pursuit of happiness. Other super-American ends are also to be striven for, i.e., the abiding truths and eternal values of our Western culture. Proper recognition is given to the role of other agencies than the school and, in particular, to the Church and religion.

The author's treatment of “rule of majority” is not always clear. The impression is sometimes given that minority rights depend on majority consent. Faculty psychology, formal discipline and transfer of training are handled superficially and inaccurately. The impression the author gives is misleading and not justified by the article referred to in the *Encyclopedia of Educational Research*. A better account could have been drawn from the experiments of Katona and Castiello and from the accounts of Orata.

WILLIAM J. CODD

## THE LADY AND THE SUN

By Elizabeth Dockman. Newman. 278p. \$4

The Fatima story has been treated by so many writers from such varied points of view that the reader is tempted to neglect *The Lady and the Sun*, taking for granted that there is no possibility of a new approach. A glance at the first chapter, however, reveals a refreshing bit of fiction, in which Lucia and later other members of her family are preparing for the wedding of Teresa Carreira.

This wedding forms a perfect opening for Mrs. Dockman's novel of Fatima, for the book is written from the point of view of a mother. Maria Rosa, Lucia's mother, Olimpia, mother of Jacinta and Francisco, Maria Carreira, mother of a hunchback son—women whose personalities differ as greatly from one another as do the material conditions of their homes—are related by the bond of true maternal love.

This background of natural motherhood tends to emphasize the supernatural motherhood of the Lady of the apparitions. Her constant reassuring of the little trio that she will be always with them, her “extra” apparition after their torturous encounter with the Administrator, her maternal solicitude for “poor sinners” are the memories of the Lady that linger in the mind of the reader. Conspicuously absent from the story are the appearance of the angel and the vision of hell.



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The impression of the genuinely supernatural quality of the assistance which the children derive from their visits with their Heavenly Mother is simply and convincingly conveyed to the reader. This occurs not only when he watches the operation of the gift of fortitude in the souls of children terrified at the prospect of immediate death in boiling oil, but also, and especially, when he sees them recognize and love the "poor sinners" who are their persecutors, and put up with one another's faults because "... I don't think the Senhora would like it if I got mad."

The style is pleasant and the characters convincing, even though the children frequently speak with the finesse of adults. The results of Mrs. Dockman's visit to Fatima and of her five years of research in the language and customs of the people are evident in the descriptions of the countryside and its dwellings and in the well-tempered use of Portuguese phrases. The careful documentation prevents confusion of fact and fiction.

Just as the liturgical hymns to Our Lady have been set to music by one musician after another and the chief mysteries of her life portrayed on canvas by countless artists, so is it appropriate that her latest visits to this "valley of tears" be described again and again by her children. Especially appropriate is this Marian-year novel by one of her children who is likewise a mother.

SISTER MARY RANSOM, S.C.N.

REV. WILLIAM J. READ, S.J., teaches theology at Boston College, Boston, Mass.

MRS. ELEANORE F. CULHANE, graduate of the Fordham School of Social Service, is a frequent reviewer for the *Boston Globe*.

RUTH HALLISY has an M.A. in English from Johns Hopkins University.

## THE WORD

And He said, Young man, I say to thee, rise up. And the dead man sat up, and spoke; and Jesus gave him back to his mother (Luke 7:14-15; Gospel for 15th Sunday after Pentecost).

The wonder which stirs in men the deepest wonder of all is, of course, the restoration to life of the dead. It

would seem somehow significant that Christ our Lord, whom Peter rightly called the *Author of life* and who calmly declared that He was the resurrection and the life, did not, as it were, *specialize* in the performance of this particular miracle.

Only three times do the Gospels record that our Saviour recalled the dead to life, and, beyond the essential fact, there is no common element or circumstance discernible in all three instances. For example, we are most explicitly told that our Lord's emotions were profoundly stirred when He summoned Lazarus from the grave, and something similar is more than suggested in this Gospel of the young man of Naim. But nothing whatever is said of Christ's interior feelings when He restored to life the little daughter of prominent Jairus.

Our Saviour's deep pity in the present instance is not directed toward the dead youth, but is occasioned by the sad plight of the widowed and now childless mother of the boy. On this occasion, our Lord took the whole initiative without waiting for a request of any sort. He entirely omitted His usual demand for some act of faith in Himself as a condition for the miracle. No doubt it would be impossible to *prove* that in the weeping widow of Naim Christ suddenly saw His own Mother, as He foresaw her on Calvary after her son had died; but many would simply say that here is one of those Gospel implications that require no strict demonstration.

The second striking aspect of this extremely vivid, brief narrative is the consideration which drew the attention of such an early and competent commentator as St. Augustine, and which should claim the notice of all of us whenever we study our Saviour's thaumaturgy. *What does this amazing, miraculous fact mean?*—that is always the critical and final question in connection with any one of our Lord's prodigies.

St. Augustine sees the dead young man as symbolic of the soul that is dead with mortal sin. In the sorrowing mother Augustine sees Holy Mother Church. Now comes Christ our triumphant Redeemer, and by the power of His blood and the sacrament of penance recalls the dead soul to the life of sanctifying grace. The great doctor reflects with satisfaction: we know of only three mortal bodies that our Lord restored to life, but He gives back life to countless immortal souls. And the overflowing joy of the mother of Naim in the new life of her boy is but the faintest image of the supreme gladness of our Mother, the Bride of Christ, when her dead sons and daughters are restored to her by

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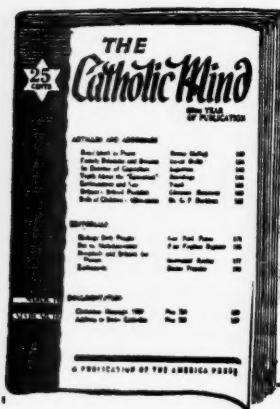
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her peerless and most loving and infinitely merciful Lord.

It is precisely in the most miraculous of miracles that we must beware of being so impressed that we actually miss the point. After all, our Saviour did not call back to physical life His own beloved foster-father, and even the young man of Naim died at a later time. The essential fact is that the life which Christ came to give has nothing whatever to do with longevity, and little to do with the relatively trifling incident, however humanly important, which we call death. VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

## FILMS

BRIGADOON is a Scottish Highland village which, under a special dispensation from heaven, comes to life for one day every hundred years. In between times the inhabitants slumber like Rip Van Winkle and the village disappears from sight in the Highland mists.

It so happens that a pair of Americans on a hunting expedition stumble on the town on the day of its 20th-century awakening. One of them (Gene Kelly) is an idealist who is quite ready to believe in a town that has been bewitched since 1754, and besides he falls in love with the local 18th-century belle (Cyd Charisse). The other (Van Johnson), a wise-cracking cynic, is only concerned with detaching his friend from the spell of a bad dream. He succeeds temporarily, but love has a way of conquering time and space.

This musical, derived from a Broadway success, is the kind of baldly fabricated fantasy that has an awful lot of ground rules and comparatively little point. It is to the picture's considerable credit that it makes the story quite appealing.

First of all, it wisely entrusts the explanation of the Brigadoon "miracle" to a very persuasive actor (Barry Jones). Second, it is notably successful in its use of color and in capturing a unity of mood and, despite its CinemaScope breadth, an atmosphere of unpretentious charm. And the film's best-conceived sequence, an impressionistic view of the babble in a New York nightclub, is well calculated to make a family audience share the hero's preference for the simple life of Brigadoon.

The choreography (by Kelly) is disappointing, especially after the brilliant dancing in *Seven Brides for*

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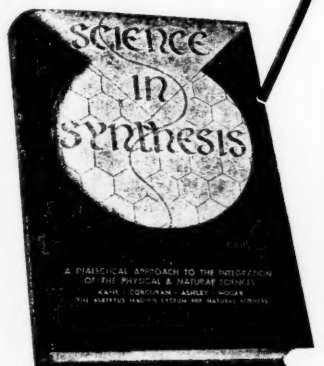
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**Seven Brothers.** Its deficiencies in this department are further pointed up by the fact that a distinguished ballet dancer (Hugh Laing) was imported to play the "heavy" and then given no chance to show his skill. The score, however, is very pleasant and catchy, though it unaccountably drops "Come To Me, Bend To Me," the prettiest ballad in the original. (MGM)

**PRIVATE HELL 36** is a generally interesting variation for adults on the by this time familiar saga of the crooked cop. Here the chap in question (Steve Cochran) succumbs to a particularly understandable temptation: he pockets a sizeable chunk of cash from a \$300,000 payroll robbery which he finds among the effects of a dead criminal.

Once having acquired his ill-gotten gains, the detective begins to display a talent for iniquity which makes one wonder why he did not go wrong sooner, and involves the story in some pretty wild melodramatics. Finally it takes the shrewd detective work of a mild-mannered police captain (Dean Jagger) to prevent Cochran from murdering his honest partner (Howard Duff), whose only crime was reluctance to inform on a friend.

The film is a typically competent and unpretentious offering from Ida Lupino's independent producing company. It features a typically acute and likeable performance by Miss Lupino herself as a semi-hardboiled material witness who unwittingly contributes to the policeman's downfall.

(Filmakers' Releasing Corp.)

**THE RAID** is a modest, Technicolor film story for the family of an actual Civil War incident: a punitive raid on St. Albans, Vermont, made by Confederate ex-POWs. The picture gets bogged down distractingly in a romance between a Southern fifth columnist (Van Heflin) and a local war widow (Anne Bancroft). None the less, a lot of it is quite well staged and there is a soberingly authentic ring about its exposition of the moral dilemmas of war and the hatred and chauvinism it generates among decent citizens.

(20th Century-Fox)

MOIRA WALSH

## THEATRE

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John Cogley in *The Commonwealth*

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# America's BOOK-LOG for SEPTEMBER

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### 2. WAY TO HAPPINESS GARDEN CITY. \$2

By Fulton J. Sheen

### 3. LAST OF THE FATHERS HARCOURT, BRACE. \$3.50

By Thomas Merton

### 4. I'LL CRY TOMORROW FELL. \$3.95

By Lillian Roth

### 5. BISHOP HEALY: BELOVED OUTCASTE FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG. \$3.50

By Albert S. Foley

### 6. MARY IN OUR LIFE KENEDY. \$4

By W. G. Most

### 7. A DOCTOR AT CALVARY KENEDY. \$3

By Pierre Barbet, M.D.

### 8. ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA SHEED & WARD. \$3.50

By Sigrid Undset

### 9. LIFE IS WORTH LIVING MCGRAW-HILL. \$3.75

By Fulton J. Sheen

### 10. KEYS TO THE THIRD FLOOR WAGNER. \$3.25

By P. E. Dion

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BUFFALO, Catholic Union Store, 828 Main St.  
CHICAGO, The Thomas More Association, 210 West Madison St.  
CINCINNATI, Benziger Bros., Inc., 429 Main St.  
CINCINNATI, Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., 436 Main St.  
CLEVELAND, Catholic Book Store, 906 Superior Ave.  
CLEVELAND, William Taylor & Co. (14)  
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plus the geographical spread of the stores, gives a good view of Catholic reading habits. Appreciation for the service can best be shown by patronizing the stores.

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moned up by an act of the will. One cannot sit down in a comfortable chair and say, "I'm going to savor the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*" or, "I'm going to relish the humor of *The Playboy of the Western World*." One can recall those scenes, of course, and derive a modicum of pleasure from them, which is what is meant by the phrase "take-home drama" that so frequently appears in this column.

There are times, however, when a fragment of a play—a scene, a soliloquy, a bit of humorous dialog—will come into mind without beckoning, bringing with it the color and vividness of its performance on the stage. Those visitations bring a second taste of pleasures already enjoyed. We have eaten our cake and still have it; and we feel assured that the second or tenth tasting is not the last.

Drama, of course, is not the only art that rewards us with recurring pleasure. In our relaxed hours we may recall a passage in a great novel—the description of the heath in Hardy's *Return of the Native* or the journey on the raft in *Huckleberry Finn*—or a great painting by Gainsborough, Reynolds or one of the Barbizon painters, or a piece of sculpture like Rodin's Thinker, wondering what the heck he is thinking about.

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Poetry, perhaps, more often than other arts, gives us beauty that clings to the memory. Shakespeare's twenty-ninth sonnet gives us felicity of expression only matched in the seventh stanza of Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*. There is exuberant beauty in the eighth and eighteenth stanzas of Shelley's *Skylark*, and delicious melancholy in his *Lines Written in Dejection near Naples*. In Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, such lines as "Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside," or "Their traitorous trueness and their loyal deceit," bring us close to religious experience.

While all the arts endow us with memories that sweeten solitude, our souvenirs saved from drama retain more of their original glow and aroma. Each remembered scene is identified with a character, a person, and its recurrence in memory is like a chance meeting with an old acquaintance. A line of verse may flash in the mind as a disembodied thought, but a line of dialog brings with it the image of a character represented by an actor. Antigone's defiance of the tyrant and Candida's way with men are clothed in the womanly graces of Katharine Cornell. Cyrano's "I carry my adornments on my soul. I do not dress up like a popinjay; But inwardly, I keep my daintiness," is delivered by Walter Hampden.

The enjoyment of the aftertaste of drama may be akin to daydreaming, which in this weary world is not the worst form of self-indulgence. It is not always aimless reverie, however; perhaps more often than not remembrance is as edifying as pleasant. In retrospect we may discover esthetic and moral values we had formerly overlooked.

In the closing scene of *What Price Glory*, by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, Captain Flagg's battle-weary company has just been relieved from front-line service and straggles into a "rest" area, where the men proceed to relax with alcohol and whatever women are available. The next morning Flagg, who has not recovered from a hangover, is ordered to lead his tired and depleted company back to the front line for an assault on the enemy trenches.

The scene presents the portrait of a man who, aside from his delinquencies, had a compelling sense of duty. His men were tired, and he himself was tired and also half drunk. A job had to be done, however, and he forced his aching muscles to do it. Contemplating such fortitude can hardly fail to inject adrenalin into our own faltering sense of duty in the face of temptation or travail.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS



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## CORRESPONDENCE

### Let the doors open

EDITOR: The article "Deporting our subversive aliens (AM. 8/21) highlights a most tragic condition in the world today. I allude to the dispersal of millions of refugees in Europe, in Asia Minor, China and now in Indo-China.

Surely, if more Americans realized what a huge mass of fellow human beings are destitute of homes, food, clothing, everything, more might be willing to share our surpluses and our living space with them.

Beginning in 1948 I have written many letters to the press and to Congressmen in support of Displaced Persons legislation.

I would like to know why the United States cannot do more to ameliorate the sufferings of millions of refugees from Communist domination. Are we lacking in courage, in Christian charity, or both?

(MRS.) ETHEL OWEN MERRILL  
Oconomowoc, Wis.

### Graham Greene as moralist

EDITOR: It seems to me that cognizance might well be taken by the Catholic press of a recent action of Graham Greene, as reported by the *New Yorker* magazine, Aug. 21, 1954, "The Letter from Paris."

When Cardinal Feltrin refused Catholic burial services to Colette, the famous French woman novelist who died recently and was accorded a grand public funeral at state expense, Mr. Greene published an open letter to the Cardinal in *Figaro Littéraire* upbraiding him for his lack of charity toward an illustrious woman and intimating that the Cardinal's attitude need not be taken as that of the Church. Non-Catholics would misunderstand, etc. The request had been made, not by Colette, who had lived and died without the slightest sign of any interest in her faith, but by some members of her family. Mr. Greene insinuated that, had Colette not been such a famous person, the request might have been granted.

This is not the first time Mr. Greene has shown a disposition to be a Catholic, but on his own terms. When Charlie Chaplin was debarred from this country by the immigration authorities for undivulged reasons, Mr. Greene published an open letter to Chaplin in the *New Republic*, a fulsome affair to the general effect that the immigration people were "not fit

to tie Charlie's shoestrings." Since then Chaplin, having given up hope for re-entry to this country, has practically acknowledged that he is, if not formally a member of the Communist party, at least an ardent sympathizer with it. Recently he accepted, publicly, a high honor from the USSR for his work in promoting "world peace." A well-known Communist official received the same honor on the same occasion.

Personally, I am not, and never have been, a firm believer in the soundness of Mr. Greene's knowledge of the Catholic religion as revealed in his novels. His taste for moral questions is much greater than his talent.

(REV.) LOUIS F. DOYLE, S.J.  
St. Louis, Mo.

### Priests in Wales

EDITOR: We here in Wales (Diocese of Menevia) are very grateful for your notice of our *Year Book* in your issue of Aug. 14. In case, however, some readers might be misled by the figures given for the number of clergy may I say that they include the Tertians of the Society of Jesus at St. Beuno's, the Franciscans at the Capuchin Novitiate at Pantasaph, Sacred Heart Fathers and Franciscan Conventuals, who have student houses, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and Carmelites, who teach in three colleges (one a late-vocation centre) and others who are not engaged in parish work. Priest members of religious orders directly engaged in parish work number about 27.

Menevia, the latinised form of Mynwy (the See of St. David, Apostle of Wales), is the only Catholic see in this island retaining its pre-Reformation title, and the only diocese which boasts a pre-Reformation place of pilgrimage (St. Winefride's Well, Holywell) where devotion and cures have never ceased for twelve centuries.

†JOHN  
Bishop of Menevia

Wrexham, Wales

### Apologies to Daniel

EDITOR: When I noted the first spelling "Dafoe" in your film review of *Robinson Crusoe* (9/4) I dismissed it as a typographical error. But when it was repeated, I wondered if some people might not get the notion, mistakenly, of course, that this was a story of the Dionne family doctor.

JOSEPH A. S. BARRY  
Washington, D. C.